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OUR CONTINENT

TEN CENTS A COPY.

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

VOLUNTARIES ON THE LAKE OF COMO.

BY REV. PAXTON HOOD.

I.—THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN CHURCH.

THERE's a little white church, but my foot cannot find it,
It stands on a crag with a tall mount behind it;
And far, far beneath it the sweet chafing waters—
The lake cool and clear.

Oh, thou dear little church on the far-away mountain !
As fresh to my heart as the fall of the fountain ;
And far, far beneath it the sweet chafing waters—
The lake cool and clear.

And how did the hands of the Builder come near thee ?
Oh, thou tall beetling crag ! what a terror to rear thee

Oh, thou little white church ! tho' my foot cannot find thee,

I shall think of thee long, when I've left thee behind me ;
And far, far away from the sweet chafing waters—
The lake cool and clear,

I shall say, little church, on the far-away mountain,
Thou art fresh to my heart as the fall of a fountain ;
So far, far above o'er the sweet chafing waters,
Or the wild chafing waters—
The lake cool and clear.

II.—THE VESPER BELL.

No matter how the eve comes round,
The Vesper Bell is sure to sound,
With dewy hues of fading light,

No matter how the eve comes round,
The hours are by one circle bound ;
Give joy, give grief, give what they may,
There are but twelve hours in the day ;
Be they with gloom or gladness crown'd,
The Vesper Bell is sure to sound !

Canst thou regret that evening brings
A rest to all earth's wearied things ?
Canst thou regret the Vesper Bell,
E'en should it sound life's passing knell ?
Oh, may it be like that sweet sound,
For rest and *praise* when eve comes round.

III.—THE LIGHTS ON THE LAKE.

Sit here, dear, and watch while the night-breezes wake,
And stir 'midst the myrtles and vines on the lake ;



So far, far above o'er the sweet chafing waters—
The lake cool and clear !

Oh, whisper and say how the worshipers find thee !
Oh, church on the crag ! with the tall mount behind thee,
So far, far above o'er the sweet chafing waters—
The lake cool and clear.

Is the way thro' the sweet meadow, there, just below it ?
Is the way o'er yon narrow ledge—foot cannot know it ?
So dread and so dark o'er the sweet chafing waters—
The lake cool and clear ?

What hand wakes the sound from the belfry up yonder ?
What matins ! what vespers ! I wonder, I ponder,
As I rock far beneath on the sweet chafing waters—
The lake cool and clear.

Or blackest clouds of threat'ning night,
Not loud, but clear, you hear it sound
For rest and prayer, as eve comes round.

The heat and glare of day are gone,
The work is done, or should be done :
Peace to the stall of man or beast,
Peace to the babe's or birdling's nest ;
And, therefore, as the eve comes round,
The Vesper Bell is sure to sound.

A marriage peal awoke the dawn,
A funeral knell the later morn ;
This afternoon I heard the toll—
A passing bell for passing soul ;
And now you hear the Vesper sound
For rest and prayer, as eve comes round.

How the stillness comes down o'er the smooth glass-like
breast,
Where the waves look like passions sunk softly to rest.
Day closes, night kindles—all nature is still,
Save yonder, where ghosts seem to talk on the hill ;
Let us sit here and watch what new forms they may take,
Like the kingdoms of Fairy—the Lights on the Lake !

Ah ! the heart hath its waters, and do you not know
The reflections so bright on its wavelets below ?
What tremulous lustres, like the lights on yon stream,
How they glow, how they glance like the lights in a dream
They are gone ! They have vanished ! Night bears them
away ;
We awake to the glare and the heat of the day.
But reflection shall often in memory awake,
The hours we sat watching the Lights on the Lake.

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 5, 1882.

If the reader will take this number of OUR CONTINENT, and fold it once across the middle and turn the folded side to his left, he will have the form in which the magazine will hereafter appear. It will be a thirty-two page quarto, of two columns to the page, printed on a sheet of the same size, and containing the same amount of matter as at present. To this will be added a cover and a Business Department of eight pages.

In explanation of this change, we desire to say that when the original cover was taken off we assured our readers that as soon as we could ascertain the shape best adapted to the magazine and the changes needed they should be adopted. To ascertain that we carefully noted all objections to the present form, and from these and our own observations deduce the following reasons in favor of the new one:

- 1.—It is more easily held and carried and read.
- 2.—It is more convenient for preservation and binding.
- 3.—It is in harmony with the magazine character of the publication.
- 4.—Fine engravings can be printed better upon a smaller page.
- 5.—It gives opportunity for advertising without trenching upon the pages devoted to reading matter.
- 6.—It is less liable to injury in the mails.

These considerations have overborne the counter argument of increased cost and we believe that all our readers will fully endorse the change. It was our intention to have delayed this until the first six months had entirely expired; but we were unwilling to make the change after "Hot Plowshares" had begun, and so decided to begin the second volume with No. 22 instead of No. 27. We have also deferred that story until the next number in order that it may begin with the new form. The CONTINENT starts upon its second volume with the most flattering prospects. After six months, the most unfavorable of the year for such an enterprise, we are able to say that we owe no man anything and are on a paying basis. The increase of our subscription during the summer is in itself an indication of solid and healthy growth that shows us to have been correct in the belief that a pure, high-toned and outspoken weekly magazine, giving its readers the work of leading writers and artists, was a want of our day. The former staff of the magazine will remain, and in addition thereto Miss Louise Stockton will become an assistant editor, with the beginning of the new volume. Since our last issue we have arranged for a series of SKETCHES OF PHILADELPHIA, its history and characteristics, which will be profusely illustrated by leading artists, and will appear during the coming fall. No one interested in the Quaker City can afford to be without these most attractive papers.

How quickly one passes out of the focus of public regard! A few weeks ago there was hardly room on the *Herald's* broad page for the head-lines and telegrams relating to Danenhower and the Jeannette survivors. Hardly had his foot become wonted to his native land again when ten insignificant lines were all that could be spared to announce the fact that "Danenhower is ordered to special duty." If he should live five years and then die, he would hardly get a mention in the crowded columns of the journal he risked his life to advertise.

WITH Garibaldi's death, another famous name is added to the necrology of 1882. In character he seems as if transplanted from another age. A sailor, a merchant in a small way, a teacher of Italian to Gentle children in Constantinople, a vaquero of the pampas, a conqueror, a Senator of the nation created by his devotion, a decrepit old man, dying alone upon a barren island in sight of the land which he had lifted from insignificance to power, his life is a kaleidoscope of marvels, each turn of which was more wonderful than the

last. Poor, unfriended, ignorant but honest, brave, devoted to liberty and forgetful of himself, he left a marvelous impress on his age and sent a name unstained by a hint of meanness down the ages. He is a wonderful example of the good that one man may do, when he puts himself under a great idea and forgets himself in his unceasing exertion to lift that thought into the light. His daring, his moderation, his measure of himself were all remarkable, and there are few names in history, either ancient or modern, that will be better remembered or longer mentioned with tender veneration by the lovers of liberty than that of Giuseppe Garibaldi.

The Political Situation.

THE Republican party, instead of accepting or making for itself issues that will fix the attention of the country upon great questions of national policy, is bent, it would seem, upon illustrating the beauty of a Kilkenny cat fight. The result would without doubt be fatal to the prospects of success, both in New York and Pennsylvania, were it not that no such principle has yet been evoked or at least has yet taken hold upon the popular mind. The leaders of what is known as the "independent" movement among the Republicans do not thus far seem to be men upon whose staunchness and sincerity the utmost dependence can be placed. There is a painful impression that it is a new deal rather than a new doctrine that awakens their enthusiasm. It seems to be one of those periods of political depression when parties advertise for an issue and the old buskin gladiators get up a by-play among themselves before the real show begins. Unfortunately, it would seem, though it may prove fortunate in the end, this struggle between the factions has for the present put quite out of sight the two political questions of prime importance at this time, to wit: the enlightenment of the Southern voter and the protection and regulation of party primaries by stringent and carefully guarded legislation. It is evident to the most superficial observer that these two things must be done before self-government can be truthfully predicated of the American people. The necessity has not yet become an overwhelming personal fact to the voter, and it may be that the sort of scrub-race we seem destined to witness this year is needed to awaken us to the fact that something must be done to carry into effect the basis idea of republicanism, which is equally imperiled by ignorance and the present system of voluntary party organization.

THE legislature of New York have devoted themselves to infamy by adopting a report which exculpates Judge Westbrook from intentional malfeasance. The robbery that was perpetrated with his sanction or through his negligence was so extensive and outrageous that for the sake of judicial decency he should have been put to defend himself on a trial for his impeachment. It is no answer to say that he was not wilfully guilty. He was either corruptly influenced, or he acted with a carelessness and disregard of all ordinary proprieties of judicial life that is simply amazing. Saint Simon Stylites, taken from his pillar in the desert after twenty years of silence and seclusion, would have known better than to do as Judge Westbrook is shown to have done. The hold of the New York bench on the regard of the country at large is not very stable at the best, and might well have been strengthened by the arraignment of a judge of such phenomenal innocence as to make himself the unwitting instrument of wholesale extortion and ruin. The failure to do this produces an unpleasant conviction that a majority of the legislature were as corrupt or inefficient or "innocent" as the Judge himself.

It is the ignorance of the majority and the intelligence of the minority that render such fraud upon the ballot as has been disclosed by the election contests before the House of Representatives, possible at the South. It is not enough for the Republican party to do justice to the contestants, by giving the seats to those honestly elected. It ought also to do justice to the country and protect the future by doing something to remove the cause. National aid to education is the only cure.

Musical Reminiscences.

NO. I.—DAYS WITH LISZT.

BY ELISE J. ALLEN.

THERE lately came into our possession a pleasant little German book, in which are recounted many delightful things concerning the "piano-masters of our time." It was in the year 1842, when W. Von Lenz, the author of our little work, came for a second time from the stately capital of Russia to the fickle-hearted, pleasure-loving Paris. In those times gayety was holding in Paris her carnival days. Louis Philippe was King, and his splendid capital had become the central sun of the constellation of European States. Thiers' ministerial power was in the zenith, which, considering the political fluctuations, was perhaps, not much to say; the resplendent genius of Georges Sand had already been acknowledged by the world; Chopin's subtle gifts were making themselves felt among the chosen few; Europe, from Madrid to St. Petersburg, was sounding the glories of Liszt, and Paris—so Balzac affirmed—was permeated by a fine, electrical atmosphere, which made that city a *milieu* in which only one could live. In this favored time Liszt and Lenz met a second time in Paris. Their first meeting had been in 1828, when Lenz, then nineteen years of age, made his way from Riga to Paris, to take lessons from Kalkbrenner.

Arrived in Paris, the youth saw on the boulevards a posted hand-bill, announcing that a Mr. Liszt would, that evening, play the E-flat major piano concerto of Beethoven. Lenz had already written six volumes in German and two volumes in French upon Beethoven, and although he comprehended the colossal genius of the man, yet of his works he was practically ignorant. Who, then, was this Mr. Liszt, who had advertised to play the works of the great musical Paracelsus? Lenz hastened to Schlesinger's—the musical bourse of Paris—and made inquiries of the clerks concerning Liszt, pronouncing the name *Litz*. When the stripling said that he wanted to take lessons of this man that was announced to play the works of Beethoven, all present laughed outright, and all in one breath exclaimed: "Liszt is no piano teacher; he will not give you lessons!" But the boy persevered, and round Liszt at his home in the Rue Montholon, a rare occurrence said the mother, piously adding: "My Franz is usually in the church." In those days Liszt would willingly have been considered a St. Simon. He is described by Lenz as being at this time a pale, slender, young man, with extraordinarily attractive features. As Lenz entered his room, in which stood three pianos, the artist was lying on a sofa, apparently lost in profound thought; he was smoking a long Turkish pipe, and did not stir when Lenz appeared. The latter, speaking in French, explained that his family had sent him to Paris to take lessons from Kalkbrenner, but that he, reading on the boulevards that Liszt was to play a piano concerto by Beethoven in public, wished to take lessons from him. At this Liszt appeared to smile. "Play something for me," he said satirically.

"I play Kalkbrenner's sonata for the left hand," said Lenz, believing that he was saying the right thing.

Liszt stopped him instantly, saying scornfully: "I will not hear anything of that; I do not know it, and I do not wish to know it."

Lenz, undismayed, approached the nearest piano.

"Not at that one!" exclaimed Liszt, without changing his recumbent position. "There, at the other."

Lenz seated himself at the piano indicated and began Weber's "Invitation to the Danee," but when he sought to give the first three A-flats in the piece, not a sound came from the instrument. He played with greater force; the A-flats came now, but in the softest piano. Lenz began to feel ridiculous, but he went bravely on, until he reached the first chords. Then Liszt arose, approached him, took his hand, saying: "What is that? It sounds well."

"I believe it," said Lenz, who was one of Weber's devotees, "that is Weber."

"And has he written also for the piano?" asked Liszt. "Here we know only his *Robin des Bois*."

"Certainly, he has written for the piano, and that more beautifully than any one else," replied Lenz in astonishment. "I have in my portmanteau," he continued, "many things by Weber, and among them a solo sonata, which contains all Switzerland, and is preternaturally beautiful; in it all lovely women smile at once; it is in A-flat major, and you cannot conceive how beautiful it is. No one has ever yet written such piano music as Weber."

Lenz was visibly impressed by the youth's earnestness. "Well," he said in a winning tone, "bring me all that you have in your portmanteau and I will give you lessons—lessons for the first time in my life—because you have introduced me to Weber at the piano, and because you were not terrified at this anomalous instrument; this was a *mauvaise plaisanterie* of mine, an unmanageable piano, which I ordered myself, in order to write ten scales by it, whereas I have written only one. Now, come, play me that affair that begins so curiously. Here, on this piano, on which you wished first to play; it is one of the noblest instruments in Paris."

Lenz now played the "Invitation," the solo sonata in A-flat major, and other Weber gems, Liszt's delight meanwhile constantly increasing. After this visit the days came and went, and in them all there was some hour in which the two musicians played together the beloved Weber, whose gentle beauties until now had been unknown to the brilliant Parisian. Finally Lenz departed from Paris; Liszt wrote, traveled, played and gathered laurels everywhere, not only for himself, but also for Weber, whose incomparable concerto was now added to Liszt's repertoire and played by him during his triumphal concert tours through Europe.

After the lapse of fourteen years Liszt and Lenz had again met in Paris. It was August, and Liszt had but lately returned from St. Petersburg, where he had played before four thousand people. At the close of his concerts ladies of the highest rank had received him on the steps of his hotel, offering him garlands of flowers, and when he left the city the highest nobles ordered one of their own steamers, with bands of singers and musical performers, to accompany the artist to Cronstadt, and thence to the borders of the Finland Gulf.

"After I arrived in Paris," writes Lenz, "my first visit was to Liszt, who then lived in the Rue Blanche. Liszt, who was now no longer a 'St. Simon,' received me with great cordiality. 'I shall visit you daily,' were his first words. 'I will order an Erard piano for you. We will live over the old times at our instrument, especially with the sonatas of Weber, which of course you carry with you?'

"Yes, the copy with your annotations, which I treasure as a sacred relic, but I should much like to learn something by Chopin."

"We will study what you wish. But do not imagine that you will be allowed to pay for it. I give no lessons for a price. A cup of coffee at the hotel is return enough. I shall come every day punctually at two o'clock, and we will appoint the afternoon and evening for our work. The whole morning you must spend at the piano. I shall select the instrument at Erard's and shall send you the best." Those were never-to-be-forgotten mornings. Liszt seldom failed to come at the hour.

that was the *politesse du Roi*. There he stood at my door, his hat on, one of Verdier's elegant little canes in his hand, his eloquent, intellectual face softening into smiles as I appeared. I believed that in Paris I had become a king!

Once I played to him his own arrangement of Franz Schubert's "Serenade." "Give me a pencil," he said, and beneath the notes he wrote: "Comme naturaliste parfait," with his signature, Franz Liszt, in a sprawling hand.

"How naturaliste," I answered, "when I have you for teacher?"

"True, nevertheless! You play it well, very well, and you play it faultlessly, but not as a virtuoso, and only virtuosos, and few among them, can give the coda as I wish it. That is accursedly difficult—not the music, but the whole connection and the artistic expression. That is what I wished to say."

We came to the *Polacca* in E major by Weber. "This is again work for a virtuoso," Liszt said. "You play it well, but you lack strength to play it perfectly. Here one needs the devil in the flesh." I played the trio. "You play that beautifully!" exclaimed Liszt passionately. "Give me a pencil;" and he wrote on the margin of the music: "Ceci est parfait." "Now, look; this is medicine for Schubert. But who taught you the fingering—this change of the thumb and second finger and vice-versa? It is not yours; it is good, but somewhat jagged; one might hang himself by it. From whom is the fingering?"

"From Moscheles in London—at that period, 1829, according to you."

"Eh! Eh! Was Moscheles so clever in Weber? Well, now I will also play the *Polacca*; it will be better."

As he descended the winding staircase of the hotel, down which I always accompanied him to the court, he said once more: "The trio was famous, perfectly famous! You had not practiced it, had you? It is very difficult in this *cantilena*, which one does not hear among the so-called *able* pupils, and here in Paris we do not hear it at all; therefore, keep always to Weber, that is your natural ground." I was happy, and fancied myself to be something, even a *foudre de guerre au piano*. Well, there is happiness even in imagination. Since those days Liszt has made from this *Polacca* a magnificent arrangement for piano and orchestra—his work is a Titan's forest with other trees, from among which there peers a face only half visible and bathed in a soft, shining light.

One morning Liszt said: "We will take a walk, it is beautiful weather; but what kind of an overcoat have you there?"

"This I bought in Homburg. It is of tiger skin with brown velvet; it fitted well and pleased me."

"You will cut a figure with that in Paris," replied Liszt. "I am the *only* man here that can give you his arm in that Hanseatic skin. Come, we will eat maccaroni at Broschi's, opposite the Grand Opéra, where Rossini comes. We will take seats at his table." As we passed the boulevards I saw the people staring at us and looking curiously after us, and then I understood Liszt's words. He was truly the only one that could show himself in a paleot of this kind. So conventional was this great Paris, and so conventional will it remain.

In time we came to the Weber A-flat major sonata. "Very good, very good," said Liszt when I had played the rondo, "but still too little of the *petite* Countess B—, of Petersburg; the expressive *foot* is lacking." He played the foot. I studied and then played the rondo again under the falcon eyes. "Now," he exclaimed, "it is right! The foot is there, but where is the shoe?" He played the shoe. Thus had he always something to do and to say, and he was always right. (This incident occurred at that place in the rondo where the running scale in F minor appears in the bass.) In the mazourkas of Chopin—B major and A minor, opus 7—Liszt taught me much of piano playing in general. In both these pieces he noted important little variations and took the matter much to heart, especially the apparently very easy bass in the maggiore of the A minor mazourka. And how much pains he took with me! "Only a blockhead can believe that that is easy," he said; "it is by these connections that the virtuoso is known. If you will play this in this manner before Chopin he will observe something; it will delight him. These stupid French editions spoil everything of his. These 'bows' must be drawn thus in the bass. If you will play this so for him he will give you lessons. You need only to have the courage to do it," concluded Liszt.

It was already October, and Chopin was still so *distingué* that he remained away from Paris. But one morning Liszt came to me and said with the most amiable sympathy: "He is coming at last, I have heard, if only the *Sand* will release him."

"If only he will release 'Indiana,'" I said.

"He will not do that," retorted Liszt; "that I know. When he comes, I will bring him at once to you. You still have the Erard, and we shall probably play Onslow's four-handed sonata in F minor, with which you are so infatuated. We have already played this once publicly in Paris. It was curious enough. Chopin played the treble—I wished it so. He will probably willingly play it again. You must have the sonata; get it at Schlesinger's, and try to get the Leipzig edition; that one is correct. In this wise you will most easily succeed in getting lessons from him. The thing will come about of itself, the more readily as the season is now beginning. You cannot imagine how difficult a matter this will be, but you do not yet know Paris. With me now, for instance, the thing is not so difficult, but with Chopin it is far otherwise! Many have made the journey to Paris and have not even seen him."

Since I might hope to hear Liszt and Chopin play together in my room I was borne upon the air of Paris. At music stores I was deferentially greeted; at Schlesinger's a seat was always proffered me—I had been seen on the boulevards with Liszt.

The autumn days crept on, and still Chopin came not.

The quiet of the noble old château in which he and Madame Sand had spent the summer, the pure air, the peaceful blue skies, the shadows and coolness of the woodland, and above all the spell of the gifted and singular being at whose shrine he worshiped, held the poet-musician from the gay and turbulent Paris. Liszt meanwhile had left Paris, but before going he gave to Lenz his visiting card, upon which he penned the words, "Laissez passer, Franz Liszt." "Present this at Chopin's," said Liszt, as he gave the card to Lenz, "for without a *laissez passer* you will not see him. This is the custom with authors and artists of the first rank; we cannot lose our time. Go about two o'clock to the Cité d'Orléans, where he lives; there also live the Sand, Viardot and Dantan (the celebrated caricaturist, who had represented Liszt at the piano with four hands). In the evenings this company collects in the drawing-room of a Spanish countess, a political refugee. Perhaps you can take Chopin there with you. Do not, however, ask Chopin himself. Present yourself to the Sand; Chopin is shy."

"Then he has not your courage?" asked Lenz.

"No, that he has not, poor Frederic," returned Liszt meditatively.

Finally Chopin arrived in Paris, and before Lenz's dwelling stood the cabriolet which was to carry the eager author and artist to the Cité d'Orléans.

MIGMA.

THE Republic of Nicaragua has lost an able Secretary of State in Dr. Adam Cardenas, who is now making the tour of the United States, but it is more than probable that he will succeed to the presidency next March.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR's wife is buried in the Arthur lot in a quiet cemetery at Albany. No stone marks the spot, but it is entirely covered with roses, myrtle and day lilies, and bears every evidence of the most constant care.

THE latest Boston craze is for bricks from the home of Wendell Phillips, which street improvements compel him to give up. Relic hunters haunt the spot, and every well-regulated Bostoner goes home with a brick in his hat.

TOURGENIEFF's strength is failing rapidly, and there are grave doubts as to his recovery. He rejoices, however, in his visit to Russia after twenty years of exile, considering it the chief and crowning event of his checkered life.

THE city of Philadelphia is to have an addition to its historic portraits. Mr. West, the British Minister at Washington, intends to present a valuable one of his ancestor, Lord De La Ware, from whom the State of Delaware took its name.

CROQUET has a devoted adherent in the person of Natalie, the young Queen of Servia, who introduced the game into her dominions. She is described as a beautiful brnette, above middle height, with exceedingly graceful and pleasing manners.

THE christening day of the Emperor William's great-grandchild was on June 11, the fifty-third anniversary of the wedding day of the Emperor and Empress, and like the oldest son for many generations he received the name of Frederick William.

THE Prince of Wales has attained a long-coveted position, having been unanimously elected Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron in place of the late Earl of Wilton. The position is considered the most distinguished one the yachting world has to offer.

THE Sultan is still determined to believe that his throne is the most important one in Europe, and it is reported in Constantinople, as an extraordinary piece of condescension, that he shook hands at the close of a recent interview with the French ambassador.

MR. GEORGE C. MILN, whose final appearance as an agnostic in tights proved him quite as unfit for the stage as for the pulpit, has gone to Fargo, Dakota, to enter the lumber business, in which his friends trust he may prove less a blockhead than he at present would seem to be.

THE dark continent seems to be almost as fatal to life and health as the Polar regions. Captain Cecchi, the Italian explorer of Africa, has not yet reached thirty, but his face is wrinkled, worn and haggard, and his hair, once black, a snowy white—all the effect of his suffering and privations.

"CHRISTIAN REID," the well-known Southern novelist, is not Miss Johnson, as has been currently reported, but Miss Frances C. Fisher, a daughter of the first Southern colonel killed in the war, he having been shot down at the head of his regiment, at the first battle of Bull Run. The mistake was in the information of the literary editor, whose authority proved to be unreliable.

A GRAVE in Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, at Newark, New Jersey, marked by a slab bearing the word "Infelicissimus," has often attracted the attention of the sympathetic visitor. It covered the remains of Henry William Herbert, better known as "Frank Forrester," long an authority on every point of hunting or fishing. A handsome monument is to be erected to his memory at Warwick Woods, Greenwood Lake, N. J.

THE Catholic National party in Austria is led by Count Albert Apponyi, who, though hardly more than a boy in years, has a dignified and even imposing presence, high culture and extraordinary command of not only his own language, but French, German, Hungarian, English and Latin. He is more than a mere linguist, however, being an eloquent orator and well grounded in the politics, history and sociology of Europe.



A BLOSSOM LEGEND.

Sit here beside me, darling, in this pleasant "children's hour," While I tell a sweet old legend of a lovely little flower; A flower that hides its bashful face in wildest, lowliest spot, And shuns the kisses of the sun—the fair Forget-me-not.

'Tis said that in the Eden-land the blossoms and the birds Had each a language of their own, and spoke in quaintest words; And Eve, her waiting mother-heart on gracious cares intent, Walked lovingly among them, and named them as she went.

Beside a shaded river a little flower she found, Lifting its shrinking, blue-eyed face up from the mossy ground; She kissed and called it "Bloom of Heaven;" it answered to her call—

And of Eden's wealth of sweet things she loved it best of all.

Alas! one day poor sin-bowed Eve, with sorrow-streaming eyes, Went sadly down her garden walks—banished from Paradise! The roses blushed and turned aside—when, hark, in accents sweet,

"Forget-me-not," was faintly breathed in whispers at her feet.

'Twas her little "Bloom of Heaven" that spoke; she caught the tiny spray And pressed it to her breaking heart to soothe its pain away; "Forget-me-not," art thou, my flower! for thou alone, of all That I have loved, remember me, nor scorn me for my fall!

The steadfast blossom lived for her—it gave her all its bloom— It whispered comfort when she died—it grew upon her tomb; But when the sad, distressful days of crime and shame were o'er, The pretty blossom bowed her head, dismayed and hurt and dumb!

For long, long years her voice was hushed, when, one midsummer day, Upon the hills of Galilee a child went forth to play; The waiting blossom heard His step—she cried aloud in bliss,— As she felt the loving pressure of the little Christ-child's kiss!

And the legend tells us, darling, that the child whose tender heart, Loves all of earth's sweet mysteries and claims in each a part, May on the bright midsummer night, the Queen Night of the year, Hear all the pretty blossoms tell what I have told you here.

LUCY M. BLINN.

One-Sided People.

How hard it is to keep King Charles I out of our memorials! Try as best we may to banish him, he will stray in. Could we adopt the plan of that gentle and most lovable of all Dickens' "cranks" and content ourselves with manufacturing kites out of our pet ideas, we would run less risk of boring our friends by harping too continually upon one string. We are all, more or less, one-sided, and, as "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," we find it almost impossible to suppress constant reference to things in which we are deeply interested. We may start out with the intention of never mentioning the matter which occupies so much of our thoughts, but it soon bubbles up and runs over. Everything seems to touch it, or it touches everything in a wonderful way. Our mental agility in establishing connections between it and all other topics is truly marvelous. With some people a certain incident in their lives serves them as a matter of review for a long time. There is many a Lady Margaret who never forgets, nor allows her friends to forget, that his sacred majesty once "took his *disjune* at her Tilietudlem."

EMMA L. BURNETT.

MORE and more the dreams of the past are becoming the facts of the present, and even the alchemists would seem to have been right in principle. The theory of Paracelsus that gold was merely an allotrope of other substances is more and more confirmed by the spectroscope, which seems to prophesy the unity of material. This unity, however, is only an essence, and no present art of chemistry is sufficient to allow the creation of the pure metal. Men must still labor for gold, but in the search a thousand other discoveries are made. Nature loves her children like a mother. Through alchemy came chemistry, through astrology the secrets of astronomy, and now in the race after gold new countries open up, and effort and evolution go on together.

THE STRANGE PLANTS OF A STRANGE LAND.

BY PROF. J. T. ROTHROCK.



In our far Southwest, world making and plant producing appear to have been conducted on principles utterly unlike those which prevailed in other parts of the continent. Every aspect of nature is fervid. The hills suggest over-baking; the streams tell of excessive evaporation; the plants indicate that in the long struggle all textures which could wilt have disappeared. Soil and vegetation both are weird and ghostly and hint at some other globe than ours. In fact the sun is strongest there, and his last slanting rays upon our soil before he disappears into the vast Pacific search this desolate region.

For years before that strange region was opened to civilized men rumor told of its amazing richness in precious ores, its striking scenery, its peaceful Indian agricultural tribes, or its savage wanderers who had no sympathy with any living beings; but these were regarded as myths or as something worse. Now we know that no rumor was equal to the reality.

With such a land the Giant Cactus is in keeping, the one as much alone in creation as the other. Fig. 1 is a fair representative of the species, which though uncouth in its outlines is still symmetrical in its fluted column and branches. It thrives in the open sunlight and rejoices in a temperature of one hundred degrees and upwards of Fahrenheit's scale, asking only for a sandy declivity on which to plant its roots—all the better if that declivity have a southeastern exposure; then under the most favorable circumstances this giant will tower up forty feet or more. When we remember the large and attractive flowers which our greenhouse cacti have we can hardly realize that this, the most regal representative of the whole family, should have flowers which crown the summit of the main stem and of the branches in May no larger than the others. The fruit serves the Indians as food, and is said to be preserved by them for winter use. The ribs which are so prominently seen on the surface are made by the longitudinal woody framework which stretches through the plant from root to tip. These when young have no transverse connections, and hence when the plant dies those near the summit stand out like so many independent rods after the soft tissue which covers them has decayed. In this condition they are very suggestive of an enormous but well-worn broom. Farther down in the same stem (which may be more than two feet thick) these rods are united by transverse growths, and so the old skeleton may remain in one hollow, perforated cylinder when all the rest of the plant has decayed. It may be surprising to find such an enormous trunk green in color, yet if time-honored notions are correct, this is requisite for its well-being. It has no leaves

nor anything comparable to leaves, hence the breathing pores which should have been on the under side of green leaves are here on the younger parts of this green stem.

No cactus without thorns, one might almost say; certainly thin Giant Cactus (or Giant Cereus, as you may prefer to call it) is no exception. The whole region may be regarded as characterized by this and other members of the cactus group. In fact it can be regarded as pre-eminently their home and centre of greatest development. Even animal character appears to have been modified by them. I have seen birds, which when in the open ground were quite shy, banish all fear when seated amid the thorny branches of a cactus.

These well-guarded points are often utilized by the birds to build their nests in. Evidently they feel that the young family is secure there against all attacks of the rattlesnakes and other enemies which infest the region, especially if in the neighborhood of a "water-hole." I might add another fact, as illustrating the same principle of animal traits modified by the plants, that these cacti have suggested to the un-pitying Apache a

mode of torture of prisoners which is too horrible to relate.

Standing on the open, sandy, gravel-stream flat land one occasionally finds what in the distance looks like a dead tree. It is perfect in its details, except that not a single leaf suggests the presence of life. These trees are not common; one or two are all that the traveler is likely to see in a day's march. Sometimes they are twenty-feet high and more than a foot in diameter. The green color of the younger twigs and the yellowish green of the older, give it a peculiar enough appearance to invite further investigation, when surprise deepens into absolute amazement on the discovery that the tree is not only in perfect health but that it is in full fruit or flower. Figure 2 will give a general idea of the appearance of a cluster of the smaller twigs. Here again we have the same lesson as that taught by the Giant Cactus; in the absence of leaves, the younger green bush performs their functions, and over the surfaces of both plants an innumerable host of openings so small as to be invisible to the naked eye is scattered. Neither of these trees which give so peculiar an aspect to this region are common even there. It is hard to say whether they are a disappearing race, which once formed larger masses of vegetation, or whether they are new comers, which but for the interference of man would have multiplied over that waste area and covered it with dense forests of leafless trees; most probably the former is the correct view.

Still another striking plant, this time not a tree however but a tall slender shrub, is found in this strange land. It grows in clusters on dry, rocky hillsides, and though the stem often becomes twenty feet high it remains almost or quite unbranched, and is not more than an inch or two in diameter at the base. Hence, then, to say that it is delicate and wand-like would express the exact idea, were it not for the fact that it possesses to the square inch probably as many hard, sharp thorns as any plant could well have. These thorns doubtless have some meaning and probably some use in the economy of the plant, though I confess I cannot even guess what these are. This ash-colored shrub has, toward the top, some small leaves, but instead of reminding one of the expanded surface and soft texture of such leaves as we consider well formed, these vary down until part of them become mere thorns. This probably suggests then a meaning for the plant's thorniness, which is that it puts on the leaves for appearance sake because its ancestors did, but ends by starving and drying them into very small and harsh representatives of what respectable leaves should be. However, to redeem the plant when it does come to flower, it sends out on the summit of this rod-like stem a most charming cluster of flowers, which is attractive not only as a mass but because each individual flower is beautiful. The final product of the plant is then the most redeeming. Even if we examine the seeds we shall find their thin, wing-like margins revolving themselves, when much magnified, into hairs which contain delicate threads forming graceful curls and networks. Candle-wood is the common name of this shrub, though botanists will persist in calling it *Fouquiera splendens*. Figure 3 I have copied from the report of Major Emory, and A shows the appearance of the spiny, flowering branch, and B illustrates the spiral network on the margin of the seeds.

The plant affords some support to the belief that everything has a use, for out of these spiny shrubs the natives make fences which no one wishes to climb over or to crawl through, and the stems are also used to cover the walls of the adobe houses before the mud roof completes the building.

Agave is represented by several species, none of which attain the size of the Century plant. These are not less remarkable than the others already described, and are on the whole much more useful. They are living fountains in the desert, producing pure, sweet juice, which not only assuages thirst but may often save life. In a land where water is warm, bad and scarce, the weary traveler comes to regard them as beacons of hope. The writer has more than once in time of extreme suffering found relief from sucking this juice out of the ends of a freshly-cut flower stalk. The hard leaves yield abundant fibrous material for making into mats, ropes and even paper. We may add, too, that the head of unopened leaves furnishes when roasted, a highly nutritious food very rich in grape sugar. The young stem also produces a juice which, by distillation, returns an exceedingly strong intoxicating liquor (known as Mescal) of so peculiar a flavor that its adulteration is almost impossible.

These are the more conspicuous forms of leafless vegetation produced in our Arizona region, but the same characteristic feature is also present in the smaller specimens of plant life. From the Southern Rio Grande westward may be found a plant known to the botanical fraternity as *Kaberlinia spinosa*. This is tersely described by Mr. Wright as "a much-branched, leafless shrub, consisting of nothing but thorns, flowering in July and August; flowers greenish-white, berries oval." This, though seldom more than three feet high, may under the most favorable circumstances rise to the dignity of twenty feet.

One can give no clearer idea of the unique character of much of the vegetation we are describing than to say that botanists themselves are often at a loss to know where to place a particular plant in their systems of classification, and that some of these plants have consequently been changed in name and place so often as to suggest the legend of the Wandering Jew.

Less conspicuous still are certain hard herbaceous or shrubby plants (whose floral structure shows them to be closely related to the pea or bean), known (Cont'd on page 324)

MA FIANCÉE.

ALL the day my fair lady goes singing the praise
Of the costumes and manners and old-fashioned
ways
Of the people who lived in colonial days.

She has shut off the gas and burns only candles,
She declares with a sigh that people are Vandals
Who choose that their teacups be furnished with
handles;

For she drinks from a cup of old blue willow-
ware,
And she sits in a flag-bottomed, fiddle-backed
chair,
And she wears a shell comb in her pretty brown
hair.

Her silken flowered gown has big "mutton-leg"
sleeves,
And her laces are sweet with dried damask-rose
leaves;
Modern perfumes and powders she calls "make-
believe."

She will dance but one dance, the "Virginia
Reel,"
And she's learning to spin on a shaky old wheel,
And she fastens her letters with wax and a seal.

She disdainfully tilted her little straight nose
When I brought her a beautiful Marechal Niel
rose,
With queer orchids and ferns and rich, deep
jacqueminoes.

She confessed that she hated a florist's "bou-
quet,"
And displayed what she called a bewitching
"nosegay;"
Twas six straggling sweet peas with a southern
wood spray.

So sometimes I tremble lest she grow disgusted
Because I'm not mouldy or faded or rusted,
And think me too modern, too young to be
trusted.

Still, if I must share her dear heart with an-
other,
'Tis most reassuring to know that that other
Is only the shade of her great-great-grand-
mother.

ANTOINETTE A. BASSETT.

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DUST.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Author of "Bressant," "Sebastian Strome,"
"Idolatry," "Garth," etc.

(CONTINUED.)

Such were some of the obstacles in the way of Mr. Grant's scheme; and the fact that Philip was handsome and high-bred would have but small weight in determining the choice of a girl like Marion. Philip, on the contrary, was of a fastidious and Aristarchian turn that would incline him to look for visible and palpable charms and graces, as well as mental and moral ones, in the woman of his heart. Now, Marion, as has already been intimated, was by no means pre-eminently beautiful; and it was not among her notions of duty to make the most of such attractions as she had. She was tall, and rather largely made, with a figure finely developed, but not graceful in its movements. Her face had nobility and intelligence, but not comeliness; she was an example of how a woman may have all the elements of good looks except the finishing touches, and yet not appear good looking. Some imperfection of health, not uncommon to girls of her age and temperament, had impaired the smoothness of her complexion; and she had overtaxed her gray eyes by reading at night in bed. She often fell into taciturn moods, when she would hardly speak for days together; at other times she would talk rapidly and at some length, and when, as rarely happened, she was sensible of affection and sympathy, she could be deliciously and faultlessly voluble, revealing a rich and tender spirit, original, observant, and keen. But, on the whole, she was more prone to act than to speak; attached importance rather to what others did than to what they said; and could express more, and more subtle things, by deeds than by words. She had a fiery and almost wild tongue, but it was never ungenerous or underhand; and she was sensitively and unreasonably proud. There was an almost insane streak in her, showing itself in strange freaks and escapades; she would laugh when she might have wept; and wept but seldom, and then in secret, and obstructedly or revengefully. She enjoyed the unusual aspects of nature and things, and was amused where other women would tremble. There was a vein of mischief in her; but this belonged to the brighter side of her character, and was arch and playful. What she needed, in order to the full health of her body and mind,

was more deep and broad mental and moral occupation; what declared itself as ill health being but the effect of unemployed energy reacting upon itself. Her worst faults were perhaps an alert and intractable jealousy, and a readiness perversely to suspect others of insincerity and meanness toward herself. But the latter of these errors was caused by her low opinion of her personal deserts; and the former by her not ignoble zeal for the integrity of honorable and pure emotions, which, though harbored by her, belonged not to her individually, but were to the credit of our general human nature.

That Mr. Grant did not lose heart in face of the difficulties against which he had pitted himself, showed either that he possessed great temerity, or that he could see further than most people into millstones. It was not so much his aim, at first, to force the young people into each other's society as to talk to each about the other, and about love and marriage; not obtruding his own views, but eliciting and criticising theirs. He was a pleasant man to talk with, for he made his interlocutor talkative; and the topics upon which he chiefly dwelt were such as seldom fail to interest any man or woman whose heart has not been misused—I will not say by others, or by the world, but—by the owner of it. To hear him, you would have thought that Mr. Grant, so far from desiring to impart information or understanding, was in search thereof, and needed support at every step. For one who had so much an air of cultivation and refinement, he was an amazingly unenlightened old gentleman.

"I remember, when I was a young fellow," he said one day to Marion, "I held an opinion which was very unfashionable. Indeed, for the matter of that, good many of my opinions were unfashionable. Since then I have come to reconsider not a few of them. One's point of view changes as one moves on. Perhaps the notion to which I refer was erroneous, as well as the others."

"You have not told me what it was," said Marion.

"I mean, whether or not it is prudent and sensible to marry for love?"

"I don't think love is a thing about which one ought to be prudent. Because prudence is to be careful not to put yourself to some inconvenience; and love outweighs all the inconveniences in the world . . . I should think."

"Aye; but suppose that, after a while, all the love should be gone, and only the inconvenience left? Then I should wish I had been prudent, shouldn't I?"

"But a real love never can be gone. It is all there is of you. It must last as long as you do. And when you are gone, prudence is no matter."

"I would agree with you, my dear, were it possible for us to know love when we see him. I fear there is a great deal of evidence that we do not do that. And though it takes only one person to make that mistake, not all the world can set it right again."

"That is like Humpty Dumpty," said Marion, with a laugh. "But I don't think there can be any mistake about the love we feel. 'Tis like being in the sunshine; we don't mistake sunshine for moonlight, or starlight, or for all the lamps and candles that ever burned."

"Ah! then you admit that we may be mistaken in the object for which our love is felt. And that comes to the same thing after all."

"But I don't say that; I'm not sure of that," said Marion thoughtfully, and looking somewhat troubled. "Besides, even if you loved . . . some one who did not love you, or was not worthy of your love—still, you know, you would have loved. You could afford to be unhappy after that! If I were a common pebble, and some enchanter transformed me into a diamond, he might crush me afterward: I should have been all I could be."

Mr. Grant sighed. "You young folk know how to be eloquent," said he. "And you may be right, my dear—you may be right. I should like to think so. I suppose every one is not born with the power of loving; but, for those who are, what you say may be true. And possibly Providence may so order things—I am an old-fashioned fellow, you see, and believe in Providence—that those who can truly love are never ignobly disappointed. They will have griefs, no doubt—for it would be an empty world that was without those—but not ignoble ones. There may be something purifying and divine in a real love, that makes it like an angel, before whose face all that is base and paltry flees away." After saying this, Mr. Grant was silent for a little while; and Marion, glancing at his face, fancied that he was thinking of some

vanished love of his own, and she would have liked to have asked him about it, but could not find words to do it in. Presently he looked round at her, and said, with a smile:

"You, at any rate, have a right to your belief, my dear. It comes to you by inheritance. Your mother, I am sure, made a love-match."

"Oh, yes! But mamma was born for such things—to love and be loved I mean. I sometimes think though, she would not have loved my father so much, if she had not first met Mr. Tom Grantley. She imagined she was in love with him, you know; just for a little while; and he must have been a grand man; he made her heart wake up—he made her know what love was, without making her really love him. So, when she met father, she knew how to give herself to him. Wouldn't it have been strange if she had married Mr. Grantley? But she would not have been happy. How strange if she had married him! I could not bear to have any other father but my own father: I shall never care for any one as I did for him."

"Indeed, it would have been strange if she had married Mr. Grantley," returned the old gentleman musingly. "But as you say, 'tis doubtless better as it is. In my life, many things have happened that I would gladly have averted, or altered: but looking back on them now I can see how they may have been for the best. For instance, I am very fond of you, my dear Marion—you won't mind me saying this, will you?—and I might wish that I had some substantial right to be fond of you, and to expect you to be fond of me: that you might have been my niece or daughter, or my young sister—my step-sister, let us say. But, after all, I would have nothing altered; and I dare say you will give me, out of free generosity, as much affection as if you were my kinswoman."

"Oh, at least as much," said Marion, smiling. "And I might like you even more than I do if there were some good reason why I should not like you so much."

"I doubt if I have audacity enough to take you at your word . . . and yet, I don't know! I might devise some plot against you which you would only discover after my death; as people leave hampering legacies to their survivors, who are then obliged to grin and bear it. Will you like me better on the mere chance of such a calamity?"

"It is very hard to forgive benefits; and I'm afraid that this is the only sort of calamity you will bring down upon me."

"But don't you think there is a point at which independence becomes selfishness?"

"I think it is better to run that risk than the other. It would be for me, I am sure. I don't believe in myself enough to venture on making a milliner's block of myself—all my value to be in the fine things that are hung on me. Mamma is always hoping I may get married—she can't understand that all women are not created marriageable, as she was—and wants me to 'make the most of my advantages,' as she calls it. As if I wouldn't take more pains to appear disagreeable to a man who wanted to marry me than to any one else!"

"You remind me of something Philip Lancaster said the other day. We were speaking of the extraordinary marriages one hears of—the most unlikely people falling in love with each other—and he made the remark that the people best worth knowing were those who refused to be known—or something of that kind; and that probably, in the case of a man marrying a woman—or *vice versa*—of whom it is asked, 'What on earth could he see in her?' the truth is he sees in her what is reserved only for the eyes of love to discern—something too rare and precious to reveal itself at any less magic touch than love's. It struck me as a good saying; because it rebukes surface judgments of human nature; and develops the symbol of the diamond, which is the most beautiful of all gems, and therefore the least accessible."

"I should have expected Mr. Lancaster to say that the diamond is the least accessible and therefore the most beautiful—in the finder's opinion; that is the way he would have put it had he been talking to me."

"As to that," replied Mr. Grant, with a smile, "Lancaster, in his dealings with you, reminds me of a young officer I once saw carrying despatches in a battle across the line of fire. In his anxiety to show that the imminent peril he was in did not in the least frighten him, he put on such an affected swagger—he was naturally a very modest and unpretentious young fellow—that his most intimate friend would hardly have recognized him. Now, I apprehend

that my friend Lancaster's native simplicity is disguised by a like effort to appear indifferent to your sharp-shooting. 'Tis hardly fair, Marion. It is one thing to hide the graces of one's own mind and heart; but to force another to disfigure his is less justifiable, methinks!"

"Mr. Lancaster would be amused at the idea of my being unjust to him," said Marion, reddening and laughing. "He'd be expecting me to criticise the sun at noon-day next!"

"There is a difference betwixt appreciating one's self, and being self-conceited," replied Mr. Grant. "Lancaster is at the age when a man sees himself rather as a reflection of humanity in general, than as an individual. He has much insight; he detects a great number of traits and qualities in people with whom he comes in contact; and whatever he has the sympathy to detect in others, he fancies he possesses himself. 'Tis a natural misconception; he lacks the experience that will hereafter enable him to distinguish one's recognition of a quality from one's ownership of it. The older we grow, the more we find the limits of character contract; we actually become but a small fraction of what we see and understand. And then, it may be, a young man receives a sharper impression from the evil that is in the world than from the good; and that may be the reason why our friend Philip sometimes refers so darkly and ominously to his moral condition. 'Tis not his own wickedness that oppresses him, but that which he has divined in the capacities of human nature. An old fellow like me prefers to look at the brighter side of mankind; and therefore, perhaps, ceases to take so much interest in himself."

"It may be all true—I suppose it is," said Marion, with a great air of indifference. "But Mr. Lancaster probably won't need my appreciation so long as he is not tired of his own."

"Ah, my child," the old gentleman said, with more gravity than he had yet spoken, "we are all foolish and feeble creatures, and 'tis pathetic how we strive—clumsily and mistakenly often, God knows!—to appear wise and strong in one another's sight. If you would take my word for it, I would tell you our saddest regret at the close of life is that we have been less forbearing and helpful to our fellows than we might have been. And I would have you believe, too, that to do some good is much easier than it seems. It is as easy as to be ironical and self-sufficient. Here is a young man's soul passing your way on its long journey, not knowing how to ask your womanly sympathy and influence, but much in need of them nevertheless. Perhaps you might say a word or do a deed to him that would make an eternal difference in the path he takes and the goal he reaches. To underrate your power is to wrong both yourself and him. For we know—do we not, my dear?—that the source whence good comes is not in ourselves."

Marion's face had grown intensely expressive while Mr. Grant was speaking; her cheeks and forehead flushed, her eyes showed disquietude, and she moved her hands restlessly. Presently she exclaimed, "It is not as you suppose, sir. I don't feel unkindly to Mr. Lancaster—he was kind to us before he knew us. But it is not my place . . . I am a girl . . . he would not thank me. There is some one else—he knows Perdita Desmoines; I cannot interfere." She stood up and moved, as if she intended to leave the room.

Mr. Grant rose and took her hand. "I know of his acquaintance with that lady," he said; but I think Philip is neither so young nor so old as you would imply. And the truth is, Marion, you have won my heart, and so has he; and my conscience never feels quite at ease until I have made my friends friends of each other. What else does Providence give them to me for?"

"For their own good, I should imagine," replied Marion, with a smile.

"Aye—the good I may be the means of their doing each other."

She shook her head and laughed.

"Though to be sure," she added, "two would be scarce worth while to count the good they are like to do you!"

"I am too far on in years to begin to count the good you have done me, my dear," said the old gentleman. And then, as they were at the door, he opened it for her, and she passed out. After closing it again, Mr. Grant took out his snuff-box and helped himself to a pinch with an air of much quiet contentment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOPE is like the sun, which as we journey toward it casts the shadow of our burdens behind us.



SALUTATIONS AND INTRODUCTIONS.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been talked about the question of whose place it is to bow first when a lady and gentleman meet upon the street or in any public assembly. It is very absurd to say that a man should always wait until a lady has recognized him. In this, as in most other matters, common sense and mutual convenience are the only guides. Many ladies are near-sighted, many others find great difficulty in remembering faces. Are they, because of these drawbacks, to be always debarred of the pleasure of a chance meeting with some agreeable man? The important thing of course is that a man should not presume; that, for instance, he should not speak to a lady to whom he has been merely introduced as a dancing partner unless she shows some sign of willingness to continue the acquaintance. Not to lift his hat to her with deference would be a rudeness, but he should not stop to speak unless she makes the first movement in that direction.

When two people meet who are really acquainted it is not the man who should necessarily bow first, or the lady—it is simply whichever of them is the first to perceive and recognize the other. If a lady is walking and meets a man whom she knows well, and who desires to speak with her, he will of course not commit the awkwardness of keeping her standing in the street, but if he has time will beg permission to join her for a few moments and walk beside her long enough for a brief chat. The lady, on her part, will make it easy for him to leave her when they have exchanged the few pleasant sentences that belong to such a meeting. This last hint also applies to other occasions than chance encounters in the street.

Nothing is in worse taste at a ball or a party than for a lady to make it difficult for a man to leave her. I have one woman in my mind, so bright and entertaining a person that to chat with her for a few moments would redeem any evening from dullness. She has always something to say, and she says it uncommonly well; but she has a fault that is fatal to her complete social success; she gets hold of the brightest man in the room and keeps him talking to her, will he will he, for most of the evening. I have seen a man stand in a corner with this vivacious and clever little lady directly in front of him, as if on guard, so that only by very artful dodging could he get round her and away. I have seen such a victim look wistfully from out his nook after some pretty, foolish, thorny rosebud, who would only have talked nonsense to him in place of the high discourse on pre-Raphaelite art or positive philosophy or the last new volume of verse with which his clever companion was regaling him. He was a great deal better off in his corner if he had only known it, and very likely he would have known it if he had not been in a corner, and had felt himself free to leave when he pleased.

If I were going to write the Ten Commandments of Society one of them would be for women, and it would enjoin on them if they wanted a man to stay with them to make it evidently and entirely easy for him to get away. There is something lawless and rebellious in even the kindest man—he hates doing things because he is obliged.

It is often said that great caution ought to be exercised in introducing people to each other, but a somewhat exaggerated importance has been attached to this point. As a rule, you are not likely to meet in any house where you yourself visit any person whom you would not be willing to know. It is a graceful courtesy, however, when a gentleman has expressed a wish to be presented to a lady to tell her of it and ask her permission in advance. There is even something in the very fact that the man has desired to know her which would incline a woman favorably toward him. A man is introduced to a lady; of two ladies or two gentlemen the younger is presented to the elder, or the least distinguished to the better known. It is always well to give two strangers some slight hint on which a conversation can be based. If you are introduced to Mr. Hardy it is a name, no more; but if your hostess adds, "Mr. Hardy, of whose novels you are so fond," you at once understand the value of your opportunity.

It is better to present "Mr. Browne, from

New York," than merely Mr. Browne—the name of the city may recall the thought of some common friend; at least it gives you a score of suggestions for that first conversation which between shy people is often an effort. If you know that your interlocutor is an author, an artist, a musician, you are thus furnished a key to whatever is most interesting in his range of thought and experience. It would have been hard to forgive a hostess who would have presented Trelawney to you without letting you know it was the Trelawney of Byron and Shelley; or Severn, without any suggestion that it was the Severn whom Keats loved. One likes to know, even, who has been neighbor to the rose.

It is a rudeness when some one has asked to be presented to you not to use your best efforts to make the conversation pleasant. Merely to bow and say good-evening is not sufficient. The small coin of social intercourse is imperatively called for. Especially when you are the hostess, and a guest has been brought by a friend, all your social tact would be well employed to make the new comer feel welcome and at home. In nothing is that good breeding of which true kindness is the very soul more surely tested than in the reception of a guest who perceives herself to have come at an inopportune time. A story was told me last week of the kind and graceful act of a Boston girl which was almost enough to change the climate of this East-windy place, as Father Taylor thought the presence of Emerson in the warmest region known to our fancy would change the climate there.

A girl had come here to visit from the country and had brought a letter to a very fashionable family, by whom she was soon after invited to a party. She was staying with quite old people who did not realize the lateness of the hours at which an affair of that kind begins at present as compared with those observed by society in their own youth.

"If I go at half-past eight, it won't be too late, will it?" the girl, with her country habits in her mind, asked of the old lady whom she was visiting.

"Oh no," the old lady said, "and I will send Jane with you."

Jane was Madame's maid, as venerable and respectable and solemn as Madame herself. It was about a quarter to nine when the carriage deposited the old maid and the young maiden at the door of a stately house on Commonwealth Avenue. The house door opened and they went up to the dressing-room. Not a cloak, not a wrap of any sort, only a well-trained person who took off our country girl's wraps and then disappeared.

"Oh, I dare not go down," the poor little thing said, pitifully; "I can't; I'm the very, very first." But instantly appeared a radiant, white vision—the daughter of the house.

"Christine said you had come," she cried, fluttering in as if it were the very pleasantest and most charming surprise in the world. "I am so glad. Mamma and I were wishing we had some one to help us receive. And you didn't see papa the other day. You must come right down and see him, and be one of us."

There were tears in the country girl's eyes when she told me this little story.

"Don't you think it was the very loveliest thing?" she said. "There I was, half an hour before every one else; and they made it seem as if I was their special friend and belonged to them; and everybody was introduced to me; and don't you know I could quite fancy what it would be really to be a belle, people were so lovely."

Does it seem a little thing? I believe many shining deeds recorded in the biographies of good women have had less real sweetness in them than this fashionable Boston beauty showed to the girl whose evening she turned from a mortification into a triumph.

To bow to a friend or an acquaintance is a simple enough matter, yet all the grades of liking, all the degrees of familiarity can be expressed quite as surely as by the signature to a letter, and more subtly. If you know people intimately, your bow and smile express intimacy and cordiality; if you have a very slight acquaintance, the bow is less smiling and more formal. A bow no longer requires that inclination of the body which the Turveydrops of other days used to practice—a mere bend of the head is sufficient. No man should bow to a lady without completely lifting his hat from his head. If he has a cigar in his mouth he will of course withdraw it. It is never good form to smoke while walking or driving with a lady, unless it were in an after-dinner stroll in some quiet country

neighborhood. In town it should never be permitted, even if the lady were one's own sister and had no aversion to the odor of tobacco. These facts concerning her would not be known to the people one might meet, and the smoking would have all the appearance of a discourtesy.

When walking with a lady a man lifts his hat to all the people whom she recognizes and who bow to her, whether he himself knows them or not. In thoroughfares a man should keep at the left of the lady he is walking with, thus protecting her from the pressure of the crowd and leaving her right hand free to carry her parasol and lift her dress. It is an obsolete absurdity for a man to be dancing round the lady he escorts, changing the side on which he walks with every crossing of the street. In walking or driving in a park or in any place where you meet the same persons again and again, it is not necessary to bow each time. A cordial salutation on the first meeting is quite sufficient.

It is a lady's privilege to be the first to offer her hand. Where an introduction is merely for dancing there should be no shaking hands—not indeed is it usual to shake hands on being introduced at a reception; but a married lady should extend her hand, by way of cordial welcome, to her own guests, and especially to any stranger brought to her house and presented by a common friend.

MISS LYDDY'S WEDDING GOWN.

BY CAROLINE F. CORBIN.

"OH, missus, missus! Somefin's done happened!"

Blank horror and dismay were depicted upon the face of my small African, as she stood upon my threshold with upraised hands and eyeballs that seemed starting from their sockets. Her pause was one of preparation, for with the innate consideration of her race she sought to break the news gently to me, but the burden of it was too great for her, and with the next breath she exclaimed :

"Dem pigs done chawed up Miss Lyddy's weddin' gown!"

"Glory," I exclaimed (she had been piously christened Gloriana), "Glory, how did it happen?"

"Dumno!" said Glory. "'Pears to me dem pigs has got Satan in 'em. Guess dey's scended from de ole lot what run down a steep place inter de sea. I'll go an' fetch ye a piece."

She sped out and instantly returned with a tattered shred of India mull that had once been white, and still bore some resemblance to a gown. Poor Miss Lyddy! This was all that remained of her dream of wedding splendors. It was too pitiful! I felt at once that the bonds of good neighborhood had been irretrievably broken, and that Major Hawthorne must be made aware of this last and worst depredation of his unseemly pigs.

But who would break the news to Miss Lyddy?

"Glory," said I, "where is she?"

"Gone over to de buryin'-place to 'tend to de ancestors," answered Glory.

Poor, faithful soul, even in those last days of her maidenhood, with the vague terrors of matrimony and the still more appalling responsibilities of unsaved heathen souls hanging over her, she did not forget the ancestors. Long lines of Ludkins lay buried in little sunken hillocks in the family burying-place, which lay just in sight of her sitting-room window. She herself was the last of her race, and until within three weeks it had seemed that the only fate which awaited her was to live out her little space under the ancestral roof-tree and then take her place in the silent ranks of those who had gone before. But a change had come. It came in the person of a returned missionary from the Micronesian Islands, who had buried the first and second partners of his joys and sorrows somewhere under the palm trees of those tropical lands, and had come back to the scenes of his youth to recruit his health, serve the cause and look up partner number three. He met Miss Lyddy at a woman's missionary meeting. He called the next afternoon and was invited to stay to tea. He accepted the invitation, and the next morning Miss Lyddy came into my room—for I, too, domiciled under the Ludkins roof-tree, for a consideration—and with much hesitation and many faint and delicate blushes informed me that she had promised to share the future lot of the Rev. Nehemiah Applebloom, to take care of his six children and sustain and support him in his arduous labors among the heathen of the Micronesian Islands.

I was struck dumb with amazement. "Miss Lydia," I said at length, "have you duly considered this project?"

Her thin figure quivered and her white face, that had yet a delicate remembrance of youth in it, grew tender with feeling.

"Yes," she said, "I think I have. I have always had a presentiment that I should marry a minister or a missionary." Admirable and pathetic faith! "And Mr. Applebloom says he knew the moment he set eyes upon me that I was ordained to be his wife; so you see it is not the surprise to either of us that it is likely to be to our friends.

I knew then that her mind was fully made up, so I demurred no longer, but lent myself at once to a discussion of the wedding, which I plainly saw was what Miss Lyddy desired of me.

"You will be married in church, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Lyddy, with gentle decision. "I am the last of the Ludkins. All the Ludkins have been married at home. I will go out from under my own roof-tree. If I must seem to forsake the ancestors"—she paused to regulate little choking in her throat—"I will at least not forsake their traditions. I shall leave a little money with the parish clerk, that he may see that the graves of my dead are kept in proper order, as I always have loved to keep them, and I hope they will forgive my departure; but I will at least go as a Ludkin should. It is my desire to be married in my grandmother's wedding-gown."

Miss Lyddy's voice trembled, and there was a humidity in her eyes, at which I did not wonder, for it was much like a funeral after all.

"I thought, perhaps," went on Miss Lyddy, "if I brought the venerated relic to you, you would tell me if anything were necessary to be done to fit it to me. I don't care for the fashions, you know, and my grandmother, as I remember her, was about my height, but still, you know—something—some changes might be advisable."

"Certainly," I said, "do bring it to me. I should so like to see it."

"It is sprigged India (she called it Ing) mull. My grandfather, Captain Simon Ludkin, brought it home from over the seas. I'll bring it."

Like some pale and gentle ghost she rose then and went to a bureau drawer and unrolled from folds of linen that smelt of lavender, the fair, frail relic of Mrs. Captain Simon Ludkin's wedding state. It was fine embroidered mull, the undoubtedly product of Indian looms.

"It is lovely," I said, "and so well kept that it will be just the thing for you. Will you try it on? We can tell then just what it needs."

Miss Lyddy proceeded to disrobe herself and put on the spider-net gown. As she did so, the changes in fashion's mandates became only too evident. It had no waist to speak of, and just a little lace-trimmed puff for sleeves. Miss Lyddy was evidently surprised. She had not thought of this. I knew well what the troubled look upon her face meant, and I pitied her maiden sensibilities. Could it be possible that her grandmother, Mrs. Captain Simon Ludkin, had ever worn such a gown as this? She said not a word that could indicate the depth of her mortification, but her face was a study for an artist.

"There must be sleeves," she murmured, after a few moments of silent and embarrassed contemplation.

"Yes," I replied, cheerfully as my constrained gravity would allow. "And you might have a fichu and a flounce on the bottom."

She looked down. She had not before realized that the skirt of the venerated relic lacked a full quarter of a yard of touching the floor.

"However could they?" she ejaculated in an undertone. But she quickly recovered herself and looked up to me cheerfully over her spectacles.

"How ingenious you are!" she said, with an air of sweet relief. "I knew you would help me out."

We went out together and bought the requisite mull that day, but when we came to put it beside the "venerated relic" of Mrs. Captain Ludkin it was evident that time had so enriched the color of the latter that the two were most unfortunately unlike.

"We can lay it out on the grass," I said; "these June dews are just the thing for it, and as it will be evening nobody will in the least notice."

Again Miss Lyddy smiled gratefully, and declared that my suggestion should be carried out in the most faithful manner.

The Rev. Nehemiah Applebloom—"A lovely name, don't you think so?" said Miss Lyddy, and she blushed and smiled like a school-girl in her teens—but but a short furlough, and the marriage was to transpire the next week, so the relic was put out to bleach forthwith. It had already been upon the grass three days and nights and been religiously watered by Miss Lyddy at morn and noon and dewy eve, and the next day it was to be taken up early and put into the dressmaker's hands for the necessary alterations, when the dreadful event occurred with which this narrative opens.

"Glory," I said, "do you keep watch for Miss Lyddy when she returns. Say nothing about what has happened unless she misses the gown from the grass. In that case tell her that I thought it was bleached enough and took it up to dry, and you don't know where I have put it. I am going out now, but if she asks where, tell her you don't know."

Glory was faithful, and had besides the natural craft of her race, and I knew that she could be trusted. As for me, I swiftly donned my bonnet and set out to find Major Hawthorne. It was a bright June evening, and my walk through the meadow and the grove that skirted Hawthorne's would have been a delightful one if I had borne a mind more at ease. The Major was a gentleman by birth, but he had lived out his fifty bachelor years in a gay and careless way that had seemed to set the gentler part of creation at defiance. In the lifetime of his parents Hawthorne had been a beautiful estate. It still retained many marks of wealthy and cultivated ownership, but it was sadly run down, as the home of a bachelor is apt to be. The grove, which had once been the pride of the place, was grown up to brush now, and the sere leaves of many summers' growth rustled under my feet as I walked through it. At one point, coming suddenly around a thick clump of undergrowth, I heard a chorus of tiny snorts and the scampering of numberless hoofs, and knew that I had invaded a haunt of the Major's last agricultural freak, the very brood of Berkshire pigs that were the source of all my borrowed woes. Away they scampered, their snouts well raised in air, and each with a curl in its tail that seemed too ornamental to be wholly the product of nature and to justify the village rumor that the Major's own man put those tails in curl-papers every night. They had the air of spoiled children, every one, and were evidently the Major's pets. But that didn't matter; they had ruined Miss Lyddy's wedding gown, to say nothing of a dozen other aggravating exploits which do not belong to this story, and I was determined to have satisfaction out of their owner.

I found the Major sitting on his piazza with an after-dinner look upon his handsome, good-humored face. He rose to greet me with an air of old-school politeness, dashed with a faint wonder that I, a woman, should have had the hardihood to approach a place so little frequented by women.

"Good evening, Miss Grace. I am happy to see you. In what can I have the honor to serve you?"

He had read my face and knew that I had come on a mission.

"Major Hawthorne," I said, paying no attention to his offer of a chair, "I have come on a very painful errand."

"Sit down, madam," said the Major, politely. "I cannot possibly permit a lady to stand on my piazza. I ought, perhaps, to ask you to walk in, but it is rather stuffy indoors this evening."

"No," I said, "I will sit here, if you please." To tell the truth, indoors, as seen through the window, had not the most inviting look, and I was glad to compromise.

"You have, no doubt, heard"—plunging in *medias res*—"that Miss Lydia Ludkins is about to be married."

"Married! Miss Lydia! No! Hadn't heard a word of it," said the Major in genuine amazement. "Who is the fortunate man, pray?"

"The Rev. Nehemiah Applebloom, a missionary to the Micronesian Islands, who has come home to recruit his health and find a wife."

"I know him," said the Major. "Saw him down at the station—a long, lean, lank individual—just fit for his vocation; no temptation whatever to cannibals! But what the deuce is he going to do with Miss Lydia? What will Balaam's Corners do without her?"

"Balaam's Corners must do the best it can," I said—I fear a little sharply—for my mind was still in a most aggressive state toward the Major.

"They are to be married next week, and"—

"What will become of the 'ancestors'?" interpolated the Major, in whom surprise seemed to have gotten the better of habitual politeness.

"Oh, she has made arrangements with Mr. Crow about that."

"Just like her! Dear, faithful girl."

The Major had all his life loved all the sex—not one—and I was not to be beguiled by this show of feeling. "She had set her heart upon being married in her grandmother's wedding-gown."

"Old Mrs. Captain Simon? I remember her well. A mighty fine woman. She never would have gone to the ends of the earth with a missionary. It's the craziest scheme I ever heard of."

I began to fear I should never get to my errand.

"It was put out on the grass to bleach, being a little yellow with age. It was a lovely embroidered India muslin that the old Captain brought home from India himself."

"How well I remember him in my boyhood! A jolly soul! A grand-daughter of his go off to the Cannibal Islands to be eaten up by savages! I won't have it!"

"Her heart is set upon going," I continued. "The wedding-gown was put out to bleach, and this very afternoon those little Berkshire pigs of yours—they are a nuisance to the whole neighborhood, Major—trampled and rooted it to pieces, so that it is utterly ruined."

"Little black rascals!" said the Major, with a chuckle behind his neck-cloth.

"And I have come, without her knowledge, to tell you of it, because I was sure that, under the circumstances, a gentleman of your breeding would feel in honor bound to make some reparation to Miss Lydia."

The Major mused and looked at his boot for a moment in silence.

"Miss Grace," he said at length, "I thank you for the service you have rendered me in this matter. Will you have the goodness to say to Miss Ludkins, with my compliments, that I shall do myself the honor to wait upon her to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, to adjust this unfortunate matter? I beg in the meantime that she will give herself as little solicitude as possible, for though I cannot restore the ancient and venerated dry goods, I will do the best that is possible under the circumstances to make the loss good."

He bowed over my hand and the audience was evidently concluded. Was I satisfied? No, indeed! What woman would not have felt wronged to be left at the end of a mission of disinterested benevolence in such a state of doubt and uncertainty as this? But I was obliged to go home nevertheless, and wait as patiently as I could for the stroke of ten next morning.

Glory had been in hearing when the message had been delivered to Miss Lyddy and she too was on the watch. At last she scuttled in from the hedge, her ivories all a-glisten, and her eyes wide open and full of a rather incomprehensible mirth.

"He's a-comin'," she said; "and such a sight!"

At that minute the gate clicked and up the walk strode indeed a most astonishing figure. The Major had gotten himself up in a continental suit, which he must have fished out of the unknown depths of the ancient attics at Hawthorne's; black velvet coat with lace ruffles at the wrist, knee breeches, white satin waistcoat, slippers with shoe buckles, powdered wig and cocked hat. He was six feet tall, portly and well formed, and he looked every inch a Signer of the Declaration at the very least. He was followed by his colored man, who carried a large brown paper parcel.

"He's come a-courtin', missus," said Glory; "ye can see it in his face."

I had not the instinct of Glory, and doubted; but what his errand was I was dying to know.

But he disappeared into Miss Lyddy's parlor, and I was left outside to temper my impatience as best I could. Presently Glory entered on tip-toe.

"Missus, missus," she whispered. "De do's swung open jess de leas' crack, an' its jess opposite de big murror, an' if ye come out here in de hall, ye can see it all in de murror as plain as day, an' it's a heep bett'r'n a play."

It was a temptation, but believe me, dear reader, I resisted it. Only as Glory ran back to her peeping, I followed to pull her away and send her out of doors—that was simply my duty—and there he was full on his knees before her, and she with that rapt seraphic look upon her face which no woman ever wears except on the most vi-

tally interesting occasions. But Glory disposed of, I went back to my sewing and waited as best I could the conclusion of the momentous interview. The Major came out at length, as smiling as a May morning, leaving the brown paper parcel behind him.

It was very still in Miss Lyddy's room for a quarter of an hour, and then she, too, emerged from her retreat. Spread over her hands was a gown of cream-colored brocade embellished with the loveliest roses in full bloom, with blue forget-me-nots trailing here and there among them. It had an ample waist, elbow sleeves, and a train a yard and a half long.

"My dear Grace," she said, "the Major has brought me his mother's wedding gown to be married in."

"It is beautiful," I said; "but who is to be the bridegroom?"

She smiled as angels do, and looked afar; a delicate flutter of pink hung out in her cheek to deprecate her recreancy, as she whispered in a tone of gentle but consummate triumph:

"The Major himself! Didn't he look grand in his knee breeches?"

"And Mr. Applebloom?"

"Major Hawthorne will adjust that matter."

"That matter," indeed! She spoke as though it were already as remote from her as the pyramids.

"I congratulate you, Miss Lyddy," I said, growing formal, for she had behaved shamefully.

"Don't blame me," she murmured.

"Major Hawthorne declares that he has loved me since I was a child, but never thought himself worthy of me (the gay deceiver!); and Mr. Applebloom, you know, is only the acquaintance of a day."

I wanted to ask her how she had disposed of her presentiment, but I did not dare.

Major Hawthorne subscribed fifty dollars to the Micronesian Mission and sent Mr. Applebloom elsewhere to look for a wife, and the verdict of Balaam's Corners was that he had done the handsome thing.

"For goodness!" said Glory, "ef dere worn't a clar' relation between dem pigs an' Providence den I don't know nothin'."

Miss Lyddy took the same pious view of the matter, and made the Major the most dainty and dignified of wives.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Moore, an old and eminently respectable couple living near Walnut Hill, Ill., have recently been made the victims of a conspiracy on the part of their lawyers, which unlike most conspiracies has resulted in great satisfaction to all concerned. The pair, who had lived together apparently in unusual amity and good fellowship for over forty years, and to whom thirteen children had been born, discovered in some sudden moment of insight that their tempers were incompatible, and separated then and there. The wife brought a suit for divorce, and the trial began a few weeks since at Mt. Vernon. Judge and lawyers, amazed at the absurdity of the case, determined to bring about a reconciliation. As a result a conciliatory speech was made during the afternoon session, each lawyer expatiating upon the susceptibility to all the most desirable sentiments of enlightened humanity, and the judge following in a pathetic little appeal and admonition. The husband, who had grown more and more nervous, threw himself back in his chair and looked furtively at his wife. The wife returned the glance with a sudden flash of feeling; both rose, clasped hands, and in the midst of applause and congratulations, hurried to their buggy and drove toward home at a rate so unprecedent that the family horse has eyed both owners apprehensively ever since.

VERY few people know that the little absurd nursery rhyme, beginning

"There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
That hung right down on her forehead,
And when she was good,
She was very, very good,
And when she was bad she was horrid,"

was written by Longfellow. Blanche Roosevelt, in her charming little volume, just published by Carleton, entitled "Longfellow's Home Life," relates the incident of the great poet's confession that his pen wrote the lines years ago when his daughter Edith was such a child as the verses described. This disclosure will give the lines a new interest.

Do not be too lavish in your praise of various members of your own family when speaking to strangers; the person to whom you are speaking may know some faults that you do not.

THE STILL HOUR.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me; the sunset's golden finger
Has drawn a veil between the world and me;
Upon the mountain top his rays still linger,
But in the valley I deep darkness see
And whelming shadows hover over me.

Abide with me; the way is drear and lonely,
And frightful phantoms start from every side
Which battle for my soul, that soul which only
Knows Thee on earth, in Heaven, O Crucified!
For that dear reason keep Thou near my side.

Abide with me; the avengers, pain and anguish,
Clutch at my life and will not let me go;
And pride and love of ease have made these
language,
These flowers, love and faith, which bloomed so
When first I knew Thy smile, long, long ago.

Abide with me; earth's blandishments beset me;
They rise like clouds between my soul and
Thine,
Hiding Thee, so that soon I must forget Thee,
Unless a beam from loving eyes divine
Shall through them cast its radiance to mine.

Abide with me; dear Lord let me not perish!
Chase from heart and way these phantoms
dare;
Thine "altar coals" on my heart's altar cherish,
So that each sin consumed in love's pure fire
May clog no more my soul's deep, strong desire.

And when at last through earth's dark vale ascending
I reach the heavenly hills, and at Thy feet
Look, Lord, upon Thee, doubts and fears all
blending
In one long gaze of joy so deep, so sweet,
Then satisfied, I need no more repeat
Abide with me!

JULIA MEREDITH.

BE cheerful always.

A CHRISTIAN should show his religion over a counter as well as at an altar.

BETTER that life be a short self-sacrifice than a long self-seeking.—N. W. Wells.

THE greatest victories and the sweetest enjoyments are reached through suffering.

FOR Thou has delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears and my feet from falling.

ABJECT humiliation dwarfs our powers and bows us with the deformity of weakness and despair.

THE pyramids will pass away, but the slaves who built them will live forever.—H. A. Boardman.

EARNEST Christian living is the translation of Christ's atonement into the world's daily need.—J. L. Russell.

HE who has an empty cup may pray God to fill it; he who has a full cup should pray God for a steady hand to hold it.

IT is hard sometimes to speak a kind word to others when the shadows rest on your own heart, but nothing will tend more to lighten our own cares than the effort to help another.

WHEN you have no opportunity to speak a cheering word you can send a beam of sunshine into the heart of an absent sorrowing friend by writing a good, warm-hearted, helpful letter.

NO grace is more necessary to the Christian worker than fidelity; the humble grace that marches on in sunshine and storm, when no banners are waving and there is no music to cheer the weary feet.—S. J. Nicolls.

GOON of all kinds is contagious, a thousandfold more than evil. The whole system of sanitary science is built up on this idea, that health is contagious. So, too, are moral education, evangelization, missions, Sabbath-school work.—Ez.

I WOULD spend my latest breath in pleading that every man, however humble or destitute or unworthy he may seem to be, should be treated with consideration as a human being, in the spirit of philanthropy and our most holy Christianity.—D. B. Myers.

PROVIDENCE throws about us an intricate network of circumstances, influences and responsibilities from which we cannot honorably escape, and before we are ready to begin the survey of life's pathway it is already marked out for us; aye, and footworn in some directions we never meant to follow.—Ellen Oliver.

J. L. RUSSELL.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

IT WAS a cloudless July day.
The fierce midsummer sunshine lay
Fervid and still upon the land.
Within a darkened chamber stood
A grave and earnest band
Who counseled for the common good,
And quailed not though they only read
The future by the lamp of hope,
And over each one's head,
Dim-outlined hung the knotted rope.

Blanched cheek and flashing eye
Were side by side !
Crimmled there were boast and sigh,
And fear and pride !

Stealing softly through the gloom
Of the portent-shadowed room
Came the breath of summer noon,
Fraught with a mystic, fateful croon,
Up from the southland, fierce and hot—
Fanning the faces of kingly men,
Cheek and brow, but they knew it not—
Faces pallid, as if it had been
Mephitic odor of fatal fen—
Or fetid air of the dungeon den.

Without, the people—that great WE
Born of the New, this side the Sea
In whose dark tide
The Old had died—
Waited in silent dread
Under the oaken arms outspread,
Under the burning sky
That morn of the hot July—
Fearful alike to know
Britannia mother still or foe ;
The village-fringed forest land
Into a State transformed,
Or all that seemed so brave and grand
Left unperformed !

They waited still—within, without !
The summer noon was high
Ere every heart had vanquished doubt
And every voice had answered "aye !"
Ere the die was cast,
The Old overpast
And the wonderful New begun ;
Ere that scroll of shame—
Now a roll of fame,—
Liberty's grand "Round-Robin" was done !

Hark ! a boyish shout—
One instant's doubt
Too short to tell—
Out-peals the bell !
And the mid-day air,
Bears the primal prayer
Of a Nation, born
Since that July morn !

How the swift strokes fell
On the verberant bell,
Till the brazen throat
Gave a ceaseless note,
That floated away from the sunlit lea,
That danced on the waters far over the sea !
The joy-bell of Freedom ! The shout of the free !

Rare was the message which the boy
Bade him to tell
Who smote the bell
Till its cold lips quivered with joy,
And the brazen throat gave out,
In a turbulent, verberant shout,
The tidings which some dead hand,
Guided by love of heavenly birth,
Had traced about its crown :
"PROCLAIM LIBERTY TO ALL THE EARTH!"

A strange fulfillment seemed
The proclamation which its echoes made,
Of this green rusted prophecy !
"Lo, all men"—"ALL," note you, it said—
"By nature are and ever must be free ;
Each with the other equal, in his right !
"And thereof powerless to indite,
"By any form, or act of alienation,
"For himself and heirs, his abdication !"

Bold was the utterance ! Through the years
That went before—burdened, anon with tears
And woe, anon with prophet's scorn—
Had come the sweet, sad Dream,
Whereof the Fact was born,
That hot midsummer morn !

Of all grand truths, the truest !
Truer than they who spake had any thought !
Blind leaders they, in paths the newest !
Teachers, and yet themselves, untaught !

If Charles's sometime courtier, broad-brimmed Penn,
Or bloody Plymouth gospeler had come again,

With this new law of Right
That took no thought of might,
Or rank, or station, but alone, of men.
It was not long, till he too, learned,
That this new lamp of reason burned
Only to please a nation's vanity.
No light was it into the darkness sent ;
Its boasted "ALL" was never meant
To be applied to copper-skinned humanity !

But the Dreamers dreamed on !
And the Fourth of July
Shook the midsummer sky,
And startled the stars, as they streamed on,
With the shouts of the free,
And the boasts of the brave,
And bonfires upstreaming from mountain and lea,
And the glint of the banner
That danced o'er the wave,
The beautiful banner that sheltered the free !

The years went by and the Dream grew bright.
The wood gave way to the axeman's might,
And forest and prairie and lake and stream,
Transformed by the power of the wonderful

Dream,
Were thronged like mounds where formicas
team,
With men who wrought
And sold and bought,
And gave and sought,
And learned and taught,
And schemed and fought,
Each one counting at least a score,
Of those who had lived and wrought before.
Westward sweeping, fierce and wild,
Time's resistless youngest child,
Spurred by the lust of self,
Wild with the love of self,
Strode over the virgin land.
Fires of hell obeyed his will,
Waters upbore his feet,
Lightnings were in his hand,
Clouds were his chariot seat !

The mountain and desert and plain,
The wilderness, billow and flood,
The storm that swept over the main,
The Ice-King, athirst for warm blood—
All laughed he to scorn, as with magical art.
He builded new cities, 'twixt morning and
night ;
Pierced the dark mountain's cold adamant
heart,
Chained to the treadmill the cataract's
might ;

The continents bound,
With a cobweb, in one ;
Made a laggard of sound ;
Time's footsteps outrun ;
Chained the Moon with her tide ;
Enforced the bright Sun

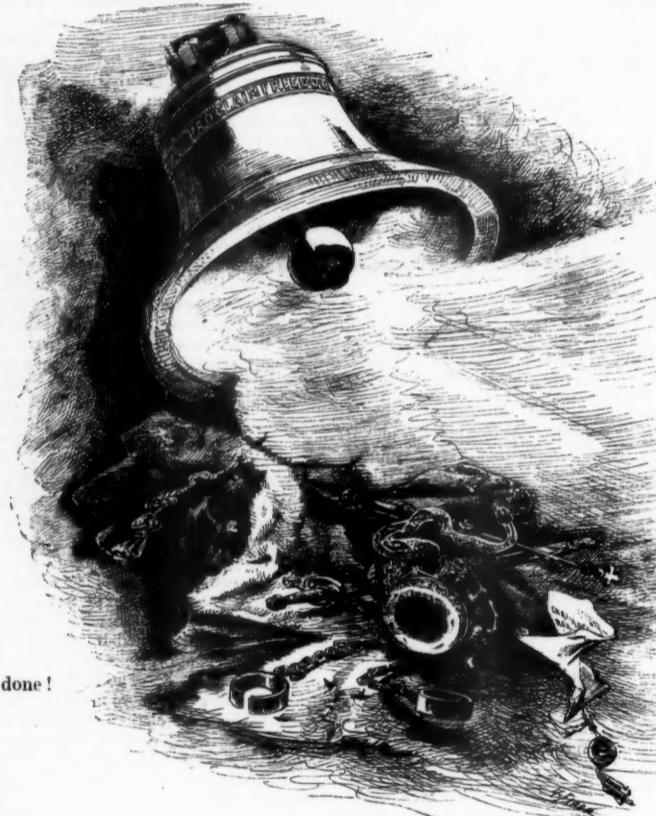
To depicture his pride ;
From caverns of gloom
Stole treasures of light ;
Made the wilderness bloom

And the desert grow white
With the harvests, sun-kissed ;
Taught the gnome of the mist

To sow and to reap,
To furrow the deep,
To come and to go,
Backward and fro,

Over the singing rail,
Over the plashing wave,
Till eagle wings should fail
And baffled whirlwinds rave !

The old and the new,
The false and the true,



Yet an echo came, good sooth to tell,
Low and sad as the metric moan,
That wails through the dirge's undertone.
Was it for the Past—a parting knell—
The Past that it put so far away ?
Or was it the prescient Present's sigh,
The swaddled Nation's anguish-cry
For ills impending, or far away—
That first Fourth of July ?
Ah ! who shall say ?

The Slave, brief-pausing from enforced toil,
Looked up, as if to swell the glad turmoil
With his loud shout ; but quickly saw
That "ALL MEN," in this ethnic law,
Was ne'er intended to include
A soul whose tenement was ebon-hued !

The Red-man, lurking 'neath the forest shade,
Heard the new gospel of fraternity,
And wondered if the spirit thus displayed,
To Puritan or Quaker, owed paternity ;

In marvelous miracle blent !
The dream, too wild to tell to-day,
Before the morrow's noontide may
Meet its fulfillment.
The dial marks a day—
Ages have passed away.
Hands of flesh and hands of steel,
Clasping round in endless reel !
Earth, the Giver, yielding up ;
Man, the Toiler, seeking more ;
Pleasure draining Lethe's cup ;
Sorrow's measure running o'er !

City and town and farm ;
Farm and city and town !
To-day, the wild deer scents alarm ;
To-morrow,—an empire grown !

Canvas and wood and stone ;
Sod, adobe and brick.
A day—a dream—the tents are gone
And palaces crowding thick !

Death ! Life ! A moment's span—
The blood leaps swift ;
The shadows lift ;
The babe has grown to be a man !

The earth is free ;
The dreamer makes his bed ;
The twig by which he lays his head
To-morrow is a tree !

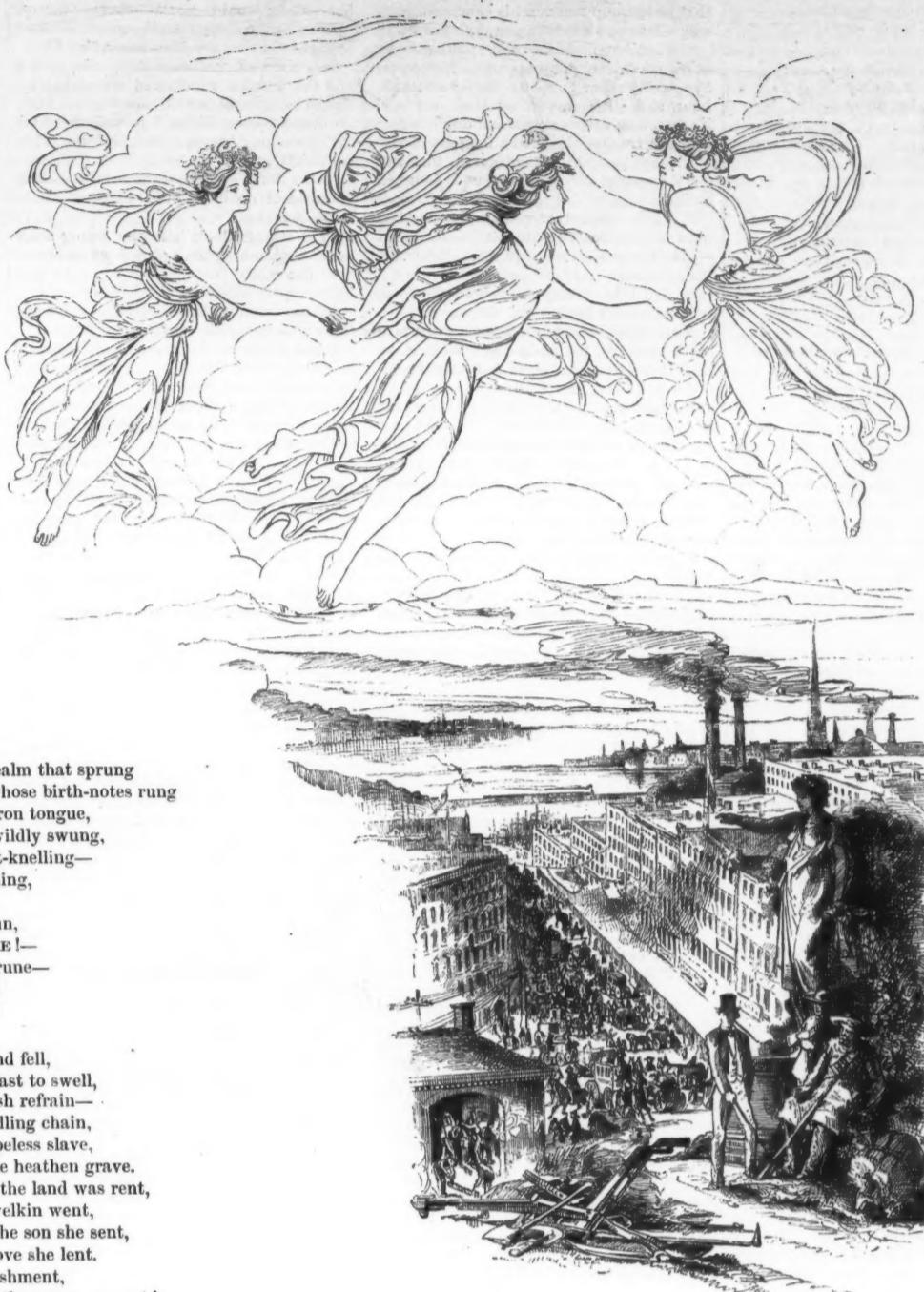
The Ancient dreams !
The Man-child drives !
The Old World swarms !
The New West hives !

Oh ! a wonderful thing, the realm that sprung
From the wonderful Dream whose birth-notes rung
From the brazen throat and iron tongue,
That backward and forward wildly swung,
Doom of the dying Past out-knelling—
Joy to the silent Future telling,
Under the glaring sky,
Under the burning sun,
TRUTH was it and a LIE !—
Marvelous, mystical rune—
Hymn of the hot July !
Liberty's natal tune !

Yet still, as the echoes rose and fell,
And the years went by, the Past to swell,
The Infinite ear caught a harsh refrain—
The dissonant clang of the galling chain,
The mocking mirth of the hopeless slave,
The moan of the wind o'er the heathen grave.
And there came a time when the land was rent,
When the cry of woe to the welkin went,
When the mother sighed for the son she sent,
And Love wept sore for the love she lent.
Ah ! bitter was then our punishment,
For the TRUTH we spake and the LIE we meant !

Athwart the Dream came a visible Fact,
The LIE was coined into definite act ;
Treason took as its corner-stone
The crime that was hidden 'neath Liberty's throne.
Up from the Southland came again
Mephitic odor of fateful fen.
Dark was the shadow that o'er us swept—
Over the brave who fought and the weak who wept—
Till the future seemed as cold and dark,
As the " Wilderness " with its burden stark !
While ever the sickening tale came back,
Of the woe that followed in Havoc's track ;
Of the daily shock, of the ceaseless strife,
Of the gaping wound and the ebbing life !
Of hunger and thirst and the biting frost !
Oh ! a terrible price that waking cost !
Bitter the woe we underwent,
For the TRUTH we spake and the LIE we meant !

But why all this ? Ah, why indeed,
This empty shell of a worn-out creed ?
What has the stainless Present to do
With the Dream of the peccant Past ?
The folly that once so nigh o'erthrew
No shade on the Future has cast.
The bell is silent—its iron tongue
Backward and forward no more is swung.
The legend carved on its battered rim
May well grow rusty and old and dim.
The life that its magical echoes woke
When first to the slumbering world it spoke—
The Dream it told to the new-born New—
The heart of To-day avouches true !



Yet up from the Southland comes a moan
Like Yesterday's ceaseless monotone.
Hark ! 'Tis the half-freed Slave's lament
For the bliss we promised and woe we sent !
The moan of the fettered, untaught soul
Charged with a freeman's power and dole !

Poor "Lo" looks down from the Rocky peaks
That indent the western sky,
And out of his evil nature seeks
To gather the reason why
The white-skinned Christian is never at rest,
Until, "by way of a change,"
He has done "his very level best"
To drive the last Indian "over the range"
With blood in his righteous eye !

Now out to the world, this greeting is whirled,
"We're free as the air and the sky !
"The banner of peace above us is furled
"And famine can never come nigh !
"We've enough for all and enough to spare !
"With the poor of earth we will gladly share
"And the strongest of earth defy.
"Only this remember with special care,
"No Chinaman need apply!"

O Dreamers dream on !
Let the Fourth of July
Shake the midsummer sky
And startle the stars as they stream on,

With the shouts of the free
And the boasts of the brave
And bonfires upstreaming from mountain and lea,
And glint of the banner above the bright wave,
The beautiful banner that shelters the free !

Ah, broken bell ! Green-rusted bell !
Sound forth again—
Pean at once and knell—
The rights of men !

Lo, now, as then, the Dream is true—
The wondrous Dream that woke the New !

Truest truth that e'er was told !
Truer far than minted gold !
Dream of dreamers, since the morn
When the dreamer Hope was born !
Life of aeons yet to be !
Lesson of eternity !
Bearing daily fruit in fact !
Prompting every noble act !
Dream of dreams—the oldest, newest,
Fairest, brightest, sweetest, truest !
Rock on which the ages stand,
Time's eternal Promised Land !

The Dreamer dreams at the Future's portal ;
The dream is the badge of the true Immortal.
And Yesterday's dream though never so sweet
Some glad To-morrow shall make complete.

ALBION W. THURSTON.

DEAD LOVE.

Two loves had I. Now both are dead,
And both are marked by tombstones white
The one stands in the churchyard near,
The other hid from mortal sight.

The name on one all men may read,
And learn who lies beneath the stone;
The other name is written where
No eyes can read it but my own.

To that white tombstone on the hill
In summer days I often go;
From that white stone that nearer lies
I turn me with unuttered woe.

O'er one I plant a living flower
And cherish it with loving hands;
I shrink from one poor withered leaf
That tells me where the other stands.

Oh, God, I pray if love must die
And make no more of life a part,
Let witness be where all can see
And not within a living heart.

MARY MATHEWS SMITH.

HESPERA.

BY ELISABETH OLMISS.

CHAPTER I.—SUNSET.

ONE warm summer afternoon more than thirty years ago, a feeble old man was toiling up the mountain side toward the Mission of San Gabriel. Long white hair hung curling upon his shoulders; a broad-brimmed Mexican hat shaded his face, which bore marks of great suffering; a tunic of coarse linen fell nearly to his sandals; and half concealed the faded garments beneath. He leaned heavily upon his stout, knotted cane, and stopped constantly to draw long breaths, looking wistfully at the steep, rough pathway which stretched upward before him.

"It is the last time," he murmured brokenly, half sinking, half falling to the ground. "It is the last time I shall ever go over this path—ah-h-h! the horrible pain!" he cried, pressing his hands to his heart as a sudden spasm of agony convulsed him. A death-like whiteness overspread his emaciated countenance as he lay gasping for breath.

In a few minutes the paroxysm passed off and he pulled himself up, weak and trembling, by the low limbs of the tree at his side, and began again his weary journey.

"If I could but reach her," came faintly from his lips as he struggled along, battling against the weakness which overpowered him at each step. "I must get to her; I cannot die away from her. O God, be merciful!"

It was long years since Reuben Fairfax had spoken the name of his Maker; nearly a lifetime had passed since he had uttered a prayer. Now, in the extremity of his need, almost involuntarily his heart returned to its youthful allegiance and cried out to its God. But even as he spoke he shuddered and hid his face.

"All my life long I have cursed Him," he moaned, "how can I hope for mercy now?" Then with a swift change of tone and expression he said more quietly, "I did but dream. There is no God. Death is a welcome friend, the gateway to the blessed future. It has been long in coming, but now it is here. I shall soon see Ruth, my beloved, and our bright star Hespera will not be long in following. Life, thou hast done with me now. Death comes to reveal all blissful glories."

A peaceful expression succeeded the terrified helplessness of a few moments before; his mild blue eyes, in which lurked a gleam of insanity, wandered calmly over the lovely scene which lay before him; he folded his thin hands in contentment and quietly awaited the end.

Half an hour later Lieutenant Richard Craighill urged his tired horse up the steep mountain path. The little exploring party which he had in charge, wearied with their long day's journeying, had pitched camp for the night at some distance below, and were enjoying the hour or two yet left of daylight in tent and hammock. But their leader, in spite of his fatigue, determined to push on up the mountain, tempted both by what he had heard of the fine old Mission, its ruins and gardens, and the exquisite view which he knew must well repay an hour's climbing.

He rode over the spot where his friend Neal Darrow, Surgeon U. S. A., lay swinging under a wide-spreading tree.

"I'm off for the Mission, Neal," he said, looking down upon the handsome face, "and I want you to come too. They say it is as fine in its way as anything we shall be likely to come across. We can be back by dark."

"Thank you, Dick," replied Neal lazily. "I'd do a good deal for you, but it would take

the angel Gabriel himself to get me out of this hammock now."

His friend laughed.

"Have a care, Neal! Who knows but that he lives up there on his namesake ruin, and will be down to take you at your word?"

"Well," rejoined the other, puffing away at his cigar, "if you happen to run across him or any other angel up there just let me know and I'll come. And Dick, my boy, if you won't spare yourself don't forget that the Duchess has had a long day of it."

Richard patted his handsome little horse on the neck affectionately and laughed again.

"Which means that you are the merciful man who is merciful to his beast, and I—just the reverse, I suppose. Nevertheless, Duchess and I are going up the mountain, and I have a presentiment that you will regret not joining us. *Ad revoir!*"

Neal watched them until an abrupt turn in the narrow path hid them from view, then threw away his cigar and settled himself comfortably for a nap.

Richard climbed slowly along the stony way, letting the sure-footed Duchess pick her way as she fancied and stopping often to give her a breath. At last they reached a broad, terrace-like level, and here he dismounted and threw himself down upon the grass to enjoy at his leisure the charming picture which lay before him.

It was nearly sunset, and the sky was brilliant with clouds of gorgeous crimson and gold. Here and there rifts disclosed a background of clearest blue, which melted overhead into a boundless expanse of pure pale silver. Now and then the sun itself burst through its bright-hued veil and gleamed reflected from the towers and spires of Los Angeles, which lay bathed in beauty far below the mountain. Winding about, sometimes bare and rocky, sometimes hidden by trees, was the little pathway by which he had made his ascent. Far down he could see the blue smoke curling up from the camp fire and catch glimpses of the Stars and Stripes floating over his own tent. Above him were the verdure-covered walls of San Gabriel, and still higher and beyond, the flinty peaks and spires of the grand old guardians of the golden valley.

It was a lovely spot, and the young man, keenly alive to all impressions of beauty, gave himself up to the enjoyment of the hour. Nothing escaped his eager eyes, and he lay there charmed into forgetfulness of everything but delight. So the moments passed unheeded until he was startled by a warm breath upon his face, and, looking up, saw the Duchess standing over him, and saying as plainly as possible that she wanted to be getting back to camp.

"So, Duchess," he said, stroking her brown nose, "you think we have staid long enough? You must be patient a little longer."

But she had broken the spell. In a moment more he sprang up and was in the saddle again—not yet, however, to return. The mission was but a short distance further up, and, speaking a few encouraging words to his horse, he pressed on toward it. Suddenly the Duchess stopped and pricked up her ears. At the same instant Richard heard a low groan, and saw the figure of a man lying directly across the path. His hat had fallen off and his face was as white as the long curling hair which hung about it. As the young man bent over him he slowly opened his eyes and moaned feebly:

"Water, water; give me water!"

Fortunately Richard's canteen had not been taken from his saddle. From this he brought water, which the old man drank eagerly.

"Did you fall? Are you ill? What can I do for you?" asked the officer kindly.

"I am dying," replied the sufferer, speaking with difficulty; "no one can help me now."

"But," said Richard, gently, shocked by the evident truth of his words, "can you not tell me where you live? I will take you there or bring some one to you."

A look of pleasure lighted up the pale face, and the dim blue eyes turned longingly toward the Duchess, who stood quietly waiting for her master, but it soon faded, and he murmured:

"It is too late. I tried hard to get to her, but my strength is gone now."

The terrible pain came on again, and Richard thought that all was over. But after a little the pale lips parted, and, bending low, he caught the words:

"She lives—a-mile across the—mountain. Beyond the—Mission—there is a hidden path—towards—three tall—trees—to the—left. Tell—her—to come quickly."

A silence, broken only by his gasping breaths; then, with a sudden effort he sat

erect, seizing Richard's hands and saying eagerly:

"Promise me—tell her she must come to-night. She never disobeyed—me. Tell her—if she would—not be—forever parted—from her—mamma and—me—to come—to-night. Promise—promise—quick!"

Startled and spell-bound by the action and the hurried words, and compelled by the burning light which now flashed from the hollow eyes, Richard promised. And still the long fingers clutched his with death-like grip.

"One thing—more. Go to her—at—once—and—tell no man first—that—I—am—here—promise!"

That strange look held the young man fast. Again he promised. A smile broke over the white face; the dying man fell back, saying softly:

"I am coming, Ruth, Ruth," and with the words his spirit departed.

Lient. Craighill had seen death in many forms more horrible than this quiet passing of a weary soul, but never before had its presence brought such strange emotions to his own heart. The transition had been so sudden from his idle hour of repose and enjoyment to the stern realities which sooner or later every one must face, that he felt almost bewildered.

He looked across to the Western sky, still glowing with regal splendor, and down to the quiet camp he had left such a short time before. He thought of his friend's laughing words; how little either of them had dreamed that he was to meet the sable-winged Death Angel in the solitude of the mountain. And then he remembered his promise to his fellow-creature who lay pale and still before him. There was no time to be lost. He considered what was best to be done. It seemed hardly safe to leave the dead while he went in quest of his home; neither did he like to impose upon the weary Duchess a double burden. But he decided at last that he must do it, and the intelligent animal seemed fully to appreciate the situation as her master made his simple preparations.

"It will not be the first time, my brave Duchess, that you have done me good service," he said, taking time to give her a handful of grass and pat her smooth arched neck. "You must show your master that you love him well to-night, my beauty."

A short neigh of acquiescence and an affectionate rub against his shoulder were sufficient answer, and he proceeded with some little difficulty to place himself in the saddle. Happily the old man was of small figure, and very much emaciated, so that once mounted Richard found it comparatively easy to carry him.

The narrow footpath leading off from the Mission was discovered without trouble, and the three tall trees stood as guideposts. But the way was wild and rough; so rough that, but for the single trail, he would have thought the whole place an unbroken wilderness unknown to human soul.

No sight or sound of habitation were to be perceived, and Richard, as he traveled on and on with his uncanny burden began to feel a horrible doubt stealing over him.

He surely must have come a mile, and a long one too. Could it be that he had been led into the heart of the desolate mountain by the vagaries of a dying man? He thought over the few eager words and recalled the burning glare of those wild eyes, but in spite of his suspicions he could not feel willing to retrace his steps yet. So he went a few rods further; then came an abrupt turn in the tiny path and it ended, coming squarely up against an immense rock which rose a hundred feet above him.

Hitherto the way had been nearly straight, lying along the side of the mountain, blocked with huge stones and twisting about, but keeping the same general direction. Now it suddenly terminated in a perfect quarry of rocks, which seemed to form an impassable barrier to further progress.

With an exclamation of impatience and disappointment Richard turned his horse's head and started back. But scarcely had the Duchess taken a step when she was reined in.

The faint yet clear tones of a violin could be heard distinctly, and Richard looked around, above and below, in amazement, not conceiving whence the sound could come. He listened carefully, but although he could distinguish the air as "Bonnie Doon" he was unable to tell in what direction to look for the performer. Now here, now there, echo caught and carried the familiar melody until the whole place seemed filled with its muffled sweetness.

"Whoever it is they cannot be far away,

at all events," said Richard to himself; "I must try climbing, I suspect."

First he laid the body under some tall grass near by and covered it with his saddle blanket. Then, having tied the Duchess to a tree, and bade her wait patiently for his return, he started off at random over the rocks. But he soon lost sound of the violin and came back to take his bearings anew. A third and a fourth time he set out only to return after a vain search. It was growing quite exciting, this fruitless hunt for the mysterious music which kept steadily on, but which he could only hear within the limits of a small space. And he was getting impatient. The glory was fading into after-sunset grayness, and he had no relish for the ride back over the rough way after dark.

"I will try the efficacy of lung power," he thought, and a stentorian "Hello, there! Hello! Hello!" rang out and echoed around the rocks.

As the reverberations died away he listened intently. The music had stopped. No sound broke the stillness of the lonely place but the stamping of his horse's feet, impatient to be off. Motionless he stood with his hand upon his pistol, for he knew that his presence there would soon be discovered now, and he must be prepared for any sort of greeting in the mountain fastness. Suddenly a clear, girlish voice spoke, apparently at his side, although its owner was invisible.

"Are you there, papa?"

For an instant the young officer turned pale and his hand dropped nerveless by his side. Then, with a half smile at his weakness, he replied, looking vaguely around:

"Your father has been ill, and I have brought him home. How can I get to you?"

"You must roll away the large white stone."

Guided by the sound of her voice he found the stone, and after several efforts succeeded in pushing it over. A small round opening was revealed, and immediately the young girl appeared looking out at him from a little distance below.

"There are steps; you can easily come down. But where is my father? Why does he not speak to me?"

"He is sleeping just now," Richard replied, making his way carefully down the rude stairway cut in the rock, and standing so as to prevent her passing up. He saw beyond her a level spot, cleared and cultivated and completely hidden from outside view by large rocks which surrounded it. But his chief interest centred in the beautiful girl who was regarding him with innocent wonder and delight. Her figure was tall and queenly, and every movement exquisitely graceful. United to her womanly beauty was a childish simplicity of expression infinitely charming. One glance into her clear blue eyes told that she was as guileless and innocent as the flowers that grew about her feet. There was something almost pathetic in her gentle confidence which instantly won Richard's sympathies. He thought again of Neal's jesting words.

"Did you come from beyond the mountains?" she asked gravely, with her eyes upon his face.

"From far beyond the mountains," he answered.

"Mamma used to tell me about the beautiful, good people there and beyond the sea. She lives in Heaven now. Some day papa and I are going, too."

Richard's heart thrilled with pain as these artless words recalled him to his errand. Charmed by the young girl's beauty and mystified by her strange surroundings he had for the moment forgotten the duty he had to perform.

"Is there," he began hesitatingly, "is there some one else here that I can speak with?"

She looked at him in surprise.

"There is no one here but papa and I. Old Louis went to Heaven when the last leaves fell."

"You cannot live here alone so far from every one!" Richard cried, incredulous and amazed.

"Is it far?" the maiden asked as a child might. "Papa said I must never go beyond the stone. He says every one in the world is so wicked. Are you?"

Lieutenant Craighill flushed beneath that frank, questioning look.

"I will be good to you, my poor child," he said warmly, taking her hand and looking compassionately at the lovely face upturned to his. "You have need of friends, for your father has left you never to return."

He had meant to find a gentler way of

breaking the sad news, but the words fell from his lips almost unconsciously. To his great surprise an expression of joy lit up her face, and she exclaimed gladly:

"Is it really so? How happy he and mamma will be!"

"But," said Richard, thinking she had misunderstood him, "I do not mean that he has gone away for a little while; he has."

"I know," she said, quietly interrupting him; "he would have told me. He has gone to Heaven. He said that when he went to sleep and did not wake up I should know that he had gone to Heaven. You said he was asleep, but he would wake up now and speak to me if he had not gone to mamma. How glad she will be!"

Richard stood in silent amazement. He had been prepared to soothe an outburst of passionate grief or attempt to comfort the distress which he felt sure his tidings must bring. But before these simple words of joy and the unmistakably sincere delight manifested by his companion he was dumb. A sort of awe came over him. What manner of maiden could this be who spoke of death as never maiden spoke before? He felt a strange embarrassment, and scarcely knew what next to do or say.

"Did you see papa before he went to sleep?" she asked presently.

"Yes; I was coming up the mountain and saw him lying on the grass. He could speak but a few words. He asked me to come and see you." He hesitated; he felt an unaccountable aversion to giving the old man's message. But his promise and the childlike confidence of the girl who stood regarding him earnestly compelled him to fulfill his trust.

"He said that if you would not be forever parted from your mother and from him you must come to-night, and that you had never disobeyed him. Those were his words. He was too weak to tell me where you were to come. Do you know what he meant? Pardon me, but I shall be glad to assist you so far as I can."

A peculiar expression shadowed the fair face for a moment.

"Yes, I know; but I cannot tell you. He told me and showed me where to lay him after he had gone to see mamma. Come and see."

A few steps brought them out to the small plateau or terrace hidden behind the rocks. The ground had been enriched and carefully cultivated. It was a tiny garden, and the house, which seemed but a continuation of the mountain, scarcely deserved the name. It was securely built of stones and consisted of but two or three rooms furnished with the utmost simplicity. A couple of hammocks were swung under the trees, and it was evident that out-of-door life was the preference of both father and daughter.

Richard followed her to the end of the small terrace, and there in the rock was hewn out a sepulchre. Everything which could be prepared beforehand was in readiness. It only remained to place the body in its tomb.

"Louis lies in there," she explained in her simple way, pointing to a place near by. "He and papa made them when we first came up here, long ago. Let us bring him in here now. It is pleasanter while daylight lasts."

She moved slowly down the garden and Richard walked behind her, almost doubting the evidence of his senses. He passed his hand across his eyes to assure himself that he was not dreaming. As he climbed the rocky stairway, and looked once more across the valley, he breathed more freely and felt himself again.

"I will bring him in," he said gently. "You had better wait there in the garden."

She did not object to this, but stood quietly as the young officer bore her father's body in his arms and laid it tenderly upon the grass at her feet. Her eyes filled with tears as she smoothed back the long white curls and kissed his lips, but she did not weep. Silently she gathered such blossoms as the little garden afforded and strewed them with green leaves and branches within the sepulchre. Then she brought a soft, silken covering, and helped Richard wrap it about the motionless form, and, still silently, the old man was laid upon his fragrant couch.

"How glad I am that you were here," exclaimed the maiden gratefully, when all was done. "Mamma would be glad to know it. Now will you come and see her picture? It is so pretty."

She led the way into the low house and pointed to a small but finely-executed portrait which hung upon the wall. It represented a lady scarcely older than the girl herself, with a laughing face, which with

all its soft bloom gave token of a strong noble character.

"It is just like her in the happy times, papa says. He kissed it many times every day. Now he can kiss her again; I love to think that they are together."

And not a word of her own loneliness or of her future. Richard scarcely knew how to approach the subject.

It seemed impossible to go away and leave her there alone, and he knew that his prolonged absence would bring Neal and half his men up the mountain, searching for him. The only alternative seemed to be to take her with him, and trust to finding friends for her on the coast, or perhaps he could take her to her own friends, offering her in the meantime such hospitalities as the camp could give.

"Have you friends in the city yonder?" he asked, pointing to the distant housetops.

"I know no one but papa, mamma and Louis, and they are all in heaven," she replied.

"Are you sure?" persisted Lieutenant Craighill, looking at her keenly, ashamed of his suspicions, yet unable to believe her, "can you not remember any one there?"

"Not one," she answered simply. "We came up here when mamma went to heaven, and I was little then—not as high as papa's shoulder. I have never been outside of our garden since. Papa said I must not, and I promised mamma to obey him always, and take care of him."

He doubted her no longer. The wonderful, dark-lashed blue eyes which she raised so frankly to his were as clear and pure as truth itself.

"But you cannot live here alone now. Will you not let me take you to my friends?" he asked. Then, with a sudden impulse, forgetting that a moment before he had thought to take her only as far as the coast, and thinking only of her beauty, her innocence and her loneliness, he added gently:

"My mother lives far away from here, beyond many mountains; but if you will come, I will take you to her. She will love you and care for you as her own daughter."

Again that peculiar expression crossed her face. Tears filled her eyes, and her lips trembled.

"I should love to go with you to the beautiful world," she said slowly. "I am sure you are not wicked, but—I—Will you please go away now?" she asked, looking up at him imploringly—"I cannot talk to you any more. I must think of what papa said."

"But you must not stay here alone," Richard began.

"O! I am always alone when papa goes down the mountain. No one ever comes."

It seemed a hard thing to do, but Richard perceived the truth of what she said; also the pressing necessity of his return to camp. He could understand, too, or he fancied he did, her wish to be alone, and out of delicate respect for her feelings he did not press his point.

"I will come early in the morning, and then you will tell me what you wish to do," he said.

She looked up at the handsome face above her wistfully, and he never forgot the expression in her beautiful eyes, as she said softly:

"Yes; come in the morning."

As he went out through the entrance to the little home she asked shyly:

"May I go with you a little way?"

He turned and held out his hand for answer, and helped her up the steps. As she looked across the valley and down the rocky sides of the mountain, and at the Duchess who greeted her master with a low whimsey of delight, he saw her turn pale and tremble. With her hand still in his they walked along in silence. Presently he stopped and said gently:

"I think we had better go back now."

"No, not you. Let me go alone. Which way is your home?"

He pointed eastward, saying:

"It is a long, long way; but it will not take so many days for us to go."

Again she raised her eyes with the strange, wistful look; then quickly throwing her arms about his neck she pressed her soft lips to his.

"I always kissed papa when he went down the mountain," she said softly. "Good-by."

Almost before Richard realized her action she had run swiftly away and disappeared within the opening.

Mounting the Duchess he rode slowly back to camp, his head and heart full of the strange events he had witnessed.

"Well, Dick, you've been gone long enough to become pretty well acquainted with Gabriel and his angels too! How

many did you find?" was Neal's greeting, as Richard gave his horse to one of the men and walked over to the hammock where his friend was still lying.

"Hush, Neal! You don't know what you are talking about," said Richard with more than his usual warmth. "Come over here and I'll tell you what I have seen."

Something in his tone and manner checked the merry answer which was on Neal's tongue. Without further ado, he left his comfortable nest and followed Richard to a spot where they would be undisturbed. He listened, incredulous but interested and silent, to the account of the strange adventure.

"By Jove! Dick, if you were any other fellow I should say you'd taken a thimbleful too much. How do you expect me to believe such a yarn as this?"

"By coming with me in the morning, if you can't take my word now; and if you can, too. We must all be kind to that poor child, and I want her to see you before she gets down here. There will be things to bring besides, and no one else shall go there, Neal, but you and I. She is as innocent and trustful as a child, and she must be cared for as though she were our sister."

The two officers clasped hands for an instant, and Neal's laughing eyes were as serious as Richard's own. For a while he puffed away at his cigar without speaking, then tossing away the stump he said abruptly:

"What's your theory, Dick?"

"I scarcely know," replied Lieutenant Craighill. "The old man must have been a monomaniac or a criminal, perhaps both, to hide his life away in such a place. I doubt if we shall ever know the secret, for she has an honor for and confidence in him which I would not for the world disturb by a curious question. We must take her as she is, a lovely woman with a child's simple, pure nature, and be content to let the past be buried in her father's tomb. I cannot rid myself of the feeling that I did wrong to leave her there alone," he cried starting up, "even though she asked me to come. It seems terrible to think of her up there alone. And the stone was not rolled back."

"The feeling is natural," said Neal kindly; "but remember that no one knows the place and certainly could not find it to-night. Then she is accustomed to this solitary life. It is neither new nor strange to her as to us."

"That is true, Neal. But I cannot help feeling uneasy. We must be off at early daybreak."

Night was fast closing down upon the little camp, and it was not long before the two friends wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down to rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ART OF ADORNMENT.

STYLES FOR CHILDREN.

CHILDREN's clothes this season leave nothing to be desired either in beauty or comfort. The loose-fitting princess and sacque dresses give full freedom to the limbs, while the beautiful materials are fashioned into dainty dresses fit for Queen Mab and her court.

A great deal of shirring is used on children's clothes, as on those for older ladies, but Mother Hubbard garments are reserved for tiny tots, and few children over five or six years of age wear either Mother Hubbard wraps or dresses. Under these ages they are almost universal. The yoke dress, with the fullness shirred at the yoke and again at the waist in clusters back and front, is worn by girls of from one to ten years of age, and the old-fashioned baby waist is revived. This has the fullness gathered into a belt, with round skirt attached, and is precisely the style worn by children and misses twenty or thirty years ago.

It is made either high or low-necked, as may be preferred, the usual style being with a round or square yoke formed of embroidery and tucks or lace, of tucks alone, or else close-shirred in many rows on a foundation. The French yoke apron with short sleeves or none, made in nainsook or Victoria lawn, is a most popular garment for wear over dresses of cashmere or silk, both as a pretty adjunct to the toilet and to protect the dress. This may be made as elaborate as may be desired, or may be simply furnished with tucks and a bit of lace around the armholes and in the neck.

"I always kissed papa when he went down the mountain," she said softly. "Good-by."

Almost before Richard realized her action she had run swiftly away and disappeared within the opening.

Mounting the Duchess he rode slowly back to camp, his head and heart full of the strange events he had witnessed.

"Well, Dick, you've been gone long enough to become pretty well acquainted with Gabriel and his angels too! How

the waist line, while there is either a shirred yoke or else a cluster of shirring below a plain yoke.

Very pretty little dresses are in princess shape, slips of lace and inserting over underdresses of surah or satin, or of fine French sateen, pink, blue, cream, pale green, lilac, etc. Industrious mothers and aunts with a turn for fancy work make such overdresses of rick-rack braid lace, or of Brussels net darned with linen floss in fancy patterns.

Fine Scotch ginghams are made of plain and striped material combined, the square yoke, cuffs and two straight flounces being striped, while the rest of the dress is plain. The same idea is carried out in plain or checked gingham or seersucker, with yokes of tucked white cambric and cuffs to match, the trimming being white Hamburg edge, which is turned up around the yoke, framing it, so to speak.

The cool weather has made woolens even more than ordinarily popular, and many suits of cashmere and flannel have been prepared for wear at seaside and mountain resorts. For small girls and boys such dresses are in sacque or princess shape, finished by kilt plaitings at the foot and trimmed, the cashmeres with silk or velvet, the flannels with braid. Older girls have more elaborate styles, with jacket or polonoise and trimmed skirt. Sailor suits of flannel are worn by both sexes, with an increase of favor for tucked skirts as against kilts for girls, since while quite as pretty they are much lighter in weight than the kilt. Jerseys are popular for girls of from eight years up, and are worn with any skirt, being frequently seen over white dresses. The prettiest style, however, is to have a kilt skirt of cloth or flannel or cashmere attached to a yoke over the hips, with scarf drapery, under which the edge of the Jersey is tucked. The whole costume may be in monotone, or the Jersey and skirt may contrast in color, the sash combining the colors of both.

Dresses for misses are copies, in smaller size, of the styles for ladies, shirred dresses being especially becoming to undeveloped figures. Any novel and original idea in regard to trimming or drapery is sure to be stylish, provided it be graceful and becoming, since the first requisite of the dressmaking of the day is novelty.

Striped stockings are coming back into fashion, and are said to be popular, vertical stripes especially, in Paris. Here stockings in solid color to match the costume are preferred, embroidery being added by those who can afford it. The English fancy for black stockings has been adopted by New York mothers, and they are worn with white as well as colored dresses. They are very stylish when ornamented with hand embroidery in the colors of the dress, or if the dress be white, of the ribbons worn with it. The embroidery may easily be done at home, and while small flowers, either in sprays or a vine, are prettiest, the easy point Russe patterns are also very effective.

Large collars form a decided feature of children's dress, and are worn on all occasions. They are of all materials—lace, embroidery, mull, linen, linen canvas, scrim, rick-rack and feather-edge braid, etc., and in all shapes—round, square and pointed; the Roi de Rome, the Robespierre, Cardinal, Mother Hubbard, Vandyke or Charles II and a deep-pointed yoke being alike stylish. They begin in price at twenty-five cents and run up to as many dollars, or more where the lace is very handsome.

In children's hats the popular shape is large and round, the brim lined with velvet or satin, the trimming being long ribbon streamers and flowers, or thick curled ostrich plumes. Dark straws, blue, garnet or brown, are liked for shade hats, trimmed with ribbons and many pompons, either in clusters or set close around the crown in a continuous row.

NOTES ON DRESS.

LUNAR dots are the latest. Terra cotta shades are very fashionable.

Fruit blossoms, cherry blossoms especially, are exceedingly popular in millinery.

Japanese costumes are rivaling the Greek dress in the favor of London esthetes.

The latest shade for evening wear is called "dawn," and is a delicate rosy pink, just tinged with gray.

Cardinal parasols are decidedly fashionable, a freak which will probably prove profitable to the oculist.

It is the correct thing to have the whole costume *en suite*, and fans as well as parasols are shown to match sateen, foulard and brocade dresses.

Ruches of silk, pinked out on the edges, or else cut bias and fringed out, are again in fashion for trimming dresses. They should be very full to look well.

AN OUTLOOK AT MEXICO.

THREE races make up the population of Mexico—the Indian, the Spanish and what is called the Mestizo. The Indian preserves his primitive costume. He dresses in simplicity and without style, with no regard to modern fashion, the plain adornment of his person, or rather the outfit of his worldly apparel, being a shirt and trousers. To this he sometimes adds a broad straw hat, and for better and more enduring wear he puts on leathern breeches.

The Mestizo represents Mexico. He is an indweller of the country, knows more about his native land, and figures better as the genuine Mexican type than any of his native, mixed or imported brethren. In manners and costume the Mestizo is at once Spanish and Indian, and reflects both nationalities in his person. His head is usually crowned by a broad sombrero; silver is the outside lining of his headgear, advertising at once the riches of his country and his own good taste in decorating his person with the most precious treasure of a land of silver mines. A broad kerchief encircles his throat, and down his leathern breeches may often be seen solid little knobs of silver and precious buttons, worn in fantastic shape in the same style as the modern well-dressed young man of Paris and New York loves to display the cord or seam at the side of his well-cut pantaloons. Silver spurs when astride his pony adorn the Mestizo's heels, and a good-sized revolver or six-shooter lies within easy reach of his hand as he drives furiously over the plains or halts expectant within call of an innkeeper when he chooses to command his host to bring out the best and daintiest in his hostelry. The type of Mexican which we here present is the Mexican of to-day. Unfortunately for the lovers of the beautiful, the romantic and the ancient this type of the old *régime* is rapidly passing away. Modern progress, the advent of railroads, new ideas from across seas and the neighboring republic, must soon drive the Mexican caballero from his saddle, and the quaint customs he has inherited for centuries from his ancestors will disappear with himself. The original and picturesque people that delighted the traveler will soon fade away in presence of European innovations, and soon the name as well as the fame of the ancient Aztecs will be only one of the recorded things of history.

There is probably no country in the world to-day offering greater advantages to the capitalist and the enterprising man of ready means and money than the republic

of Mexico. Quick hands and active brains have resolved, and there seems to be no obstacle in the way, to place the Aztec capital within a few days' reach of every important centre of the United States. The Mexican Central Railroad will run, it is contemplated, from the capital north to El Paso far away into distant Texas. The Southern Pacific Railway, the Texas and Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande and the Mexican Central will meet here, forming a centre and a combination which, whilst affording unbounded outlets for trade, will make New York and Boston and the great seaboard cities and even Europe within easy reach of a capital and a republic which hitherto have been only a dream and a romance in history.

Seven hundred years ago the ancestors of Montezuma stood on these shores. No dreams of glory were before them, but like a cloud unveiled, the empire of which they were the founders had a silver lining, and in time the world found it out.

The present city of Mexico contains a population of nearly 300,000 inhabitants. On the very spot where once

stood an Indian temple now stands the magnificent Cathedral of Mexico; and where in olden times was an altar, now is perpetuated an altar for sacrificial purposes to the living, not to a heathen God. Thus have times and manners changed. Sun-worship was the religion of the old Aztecs; Christian worship is to-day the happy basis of the religion of their descendants.

Here where for centuries was desolation, now bloom flowers in profusion; fountains spring high in air, and sending their rainbow jets dancing in the sun to hundreds of feet over rich grass-plots, make the scene in front of this noble pile paradise.

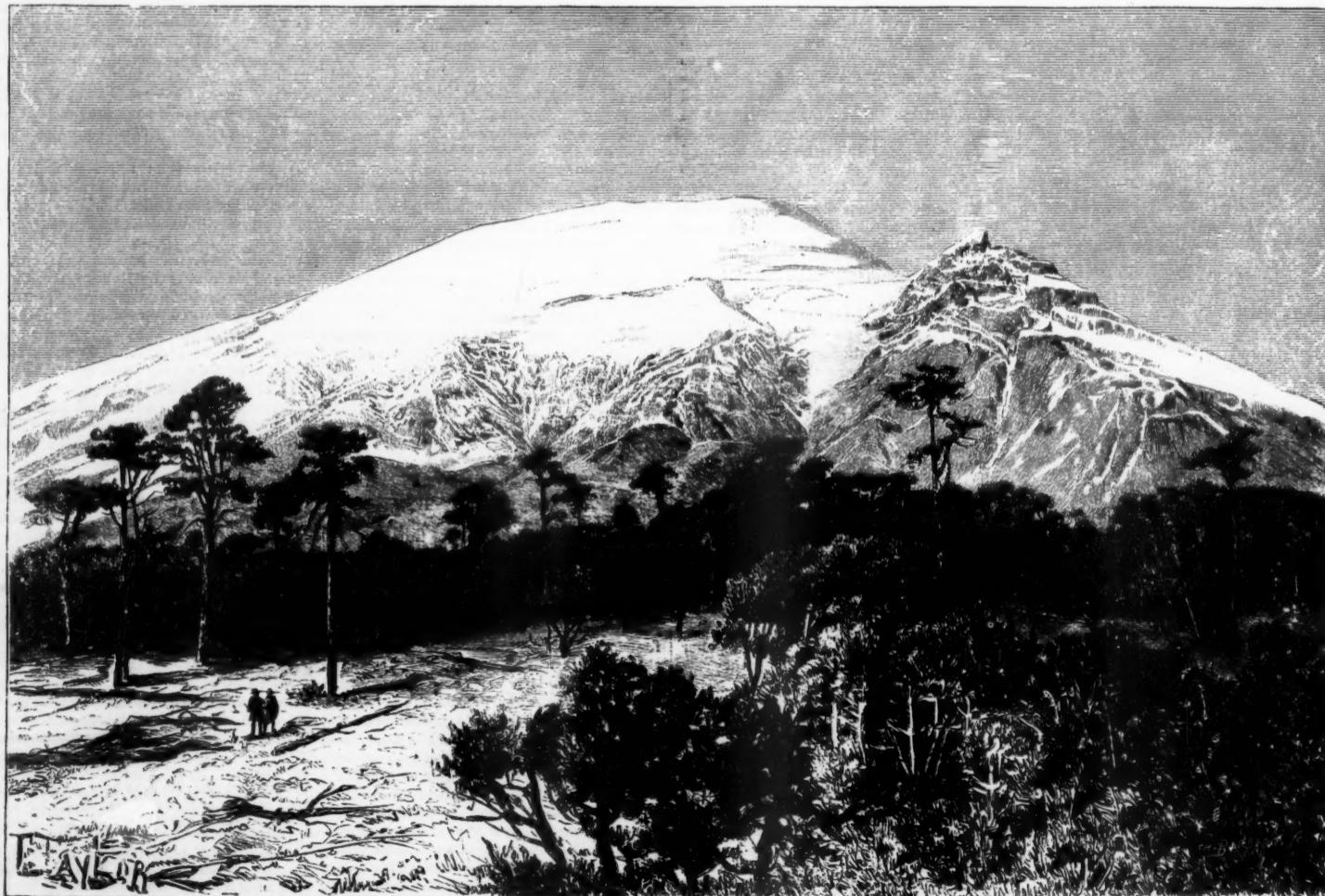
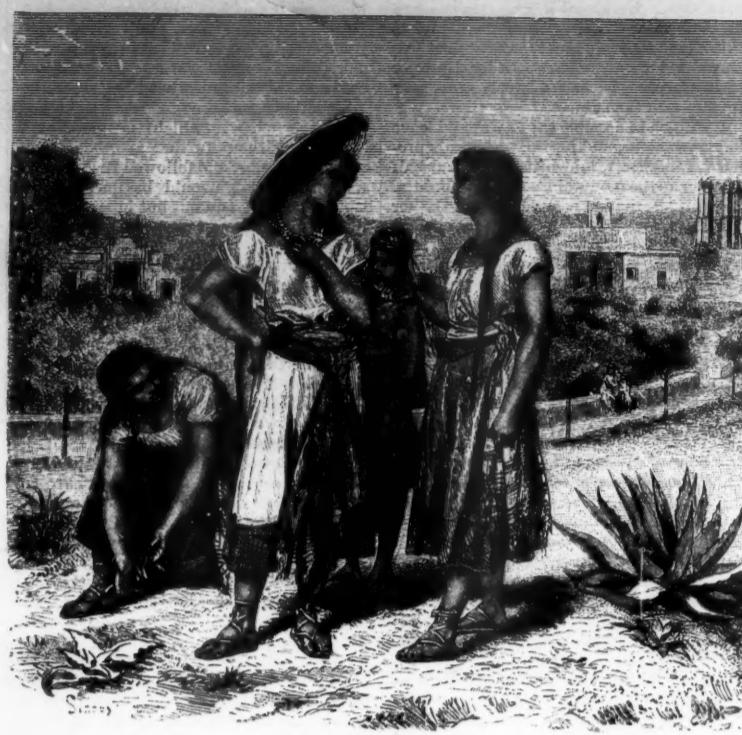
Mexico to-day is a city of wealth, of taste and style, and by travel and easy access between Europe and the United States has become almost as representative an American city as any in the Union.

The women of Mexico are proverbially religious; in fact they may be said to be church devotees. The churches of Mexico are filled at all hours of religious service, not with men but with women. The Liberal party of the republic has made strange diversion of the religious sentiment of Mexico, and among the male population an almost Ingersollian infidelity has usurped the place of former faith and previous adherence to the forms of Roman Catholic worship.

The Mexican women are not all of the brunette type, and although our illustration might mislead the reader, it is nevertheless a fact that among Mexican women many are of the most perfect type of the blonde beauty. In their country they are called *Las Gueras*. They come from the mountainous regions of the north of Spain.

Watching over the city stands the old sentinel Popocatapetl. Along its sides run green pines, sign of everlasting life. Higher than Mt. Blanc, it commands the sea and neighboring country. Its top is covered with eternal snows, but it gives a livelihood to hundreds who adventure the perilous journey above its sides into its deep caverns of crater to procure sulphur.

Around the old city linger the traditions of the past. Hanging gardens it is true exist no longer except in the imagination of the novelist, but the people with their quaint costumes, their flowers, their gardens, their positive assertion in every feature and expression of the Aztecs of old, are here, and as long as they exist Mexico with all modern improvements will be for many a day the Mexico of Cortez and Montezuma.



"**P**ERHAPS Jack will remember," said Jill, as she prepared to explain her plans, "that we examined not long ago a large number of somewhat pretentious houses, but did not find one that was satisfactory, the defects being usually in what I should call the working department of the house. The large front rooms were often exceedingly charming, elegantly furnished and well arranged."

"For which reason," said Jack, "the family seemed to be religiously kept out of them unless they had on their company manners and their Sunday clothes, or wished to make themselves particularly miserable by having a wedding, a sewing society or an evening party."

"The rear boundary of the dining-room seemed like Mason and Dixon's line in the old times; once beyond it we entered a region 'without law or ornament or order,' a realm of architectural incompetence, confusion and evil work—if it is fair to call the arrangements of the domestic part of a house an architectural matter."

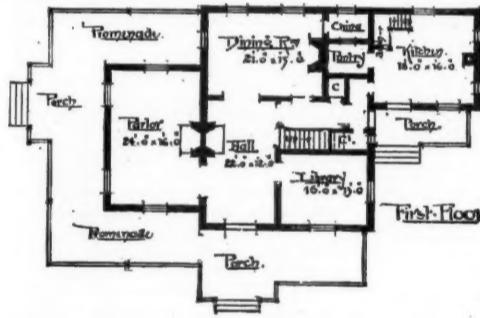
"Certainly it is," Jack affirmed, "and it's my opinion that no architect ought to receive his diploma until he has served one year in a first-class family as cook, butler and maid-of-all-work."

"One would almost be inclined to think that such an experience, with another year at bridge building, had been with certain 'practical architects and builders' the entire course of study."

"It was plain enough," Jill continued, "that these houses were planned by men, who were not only ignorant of the details of housework but who held them in low esteem, as of no special importance. They evidently exhausted their room and their resources on what they are pleased to call the 'main' part of the house, leaving the kitchen and all its accessories to be fashioned out of the chips and fragments that remained. It would be a similar thing if a man should build a factory, fill it with machinery, furnish and equip the offices, warerooms and shipping docks, but leave no room for the engine that is to drive the whole nor for the fuel that feeds the engine. When 'we women' practice domestic architecture, as we surely ought and shall!"—

"When it's fashionable."

"—we shall change all that. If there can be but two good rooms in a house it is better to have a kitchen and sitting-room than a dining-room and parlor. I propose to begin at the other end of the problem in planning our



house. It may not suit anybody else, but if it suits Jack and I it will be a model home."

"That sentiment is a solid foundation to build upon," said the architect. "I wish it was more popular. Build to suit yourselves, not your neighbors."

"And now if you will walk into my kitchen which is not up nor down a winding stair, but on the same level with the dining-room, you shall judge whether it can be made a stern reality or must always remain the ghostly wing of a castle in the air. The approach from outside is through the little entry at the farther corner, where 'the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker,' the grocer, the fish-man, the milk-man and the ice-man bring their offerings. The other entrance is by way of the lobby adjoining the main staircase hall. This lobby or 'garden entrance' is a sort of Mugby Junction, where we can take the cars for the cellar, for the second floor by the back stairs route, for the dining-room or for out of doors, and where we find refreshment in the way of a wash basin and minor toilet conveniences. Under the main staircase there is also a large closet opening into this same lobby. My kitchen you see has windows at opposite sides, not only to admit plenty of light, for cleanliness is a child of light!"

"That's true," said Jack. "In a dark room it's hard to tell a dried blueberry from a dried—currant."

"Not only for light, but that the summer breezes may sweep through it when the windows are open and, as far as possible, keep a river of fresh air rolling between the cooking range and the dining-room. It is long and narrow that it may have ample wall space and yet keep the distance between the engine and machine shop, that is, the range with its appurtenances, and the packing-room—I mean the butler's pantry—as short as possible."

"I'm glad there's going to be a 'butler's pantry,' it sounds so stylish. I notice that among people who have accommodations for a 'butler' in their house plans about one in a hundred keeps the genuine article. All the rest keep a waitress or a 'second girl.' Sometimes the cook,

THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.—VI.



waitress, butler, chambermaid, valet and housekeeper are all combined in one tough and versatile handmaiden."

"Well, call it china closet, though it is really something more than that, or serving-room, or dining-room pantry—whatever you please. We shall keep two servants in the house, one of whom will wait on the table; consequently I do not want a door from this room-of-many-names to the kitchen. It is much easier to maintain the dignity and order that belong to our precious pottery, our blue and cracked ware, our fair and frail cut glass, if they are not exposed to frequent attacks from the kitchen side. There is, however, an ample sliding door or window in the partition and a wide serving table before it, on which the cook will deposit the dinner as she takes it from the range. A part of the top of this table is of slate, and may be kept hot by steam or hot water from the range. With but one servant it would of course be necessary to make the route from the kitchen range to the dining-room table more direct."

"What if you had none?"

"If I had none my kitchen, dining-room, store-room, china closet, butler's pantry and all the blessed facilities for cooking, serving and removing the meals should be within a radius of ten feet. How any mortal woman with a soul above dress trimmings can be content to spend three hours in preparing meals to be eaten in thirty minutes passes my comprehension. When I 'do my own work,' as Aunt Jerusha says, there will be no extra steps, no extra dishes, no French cooking, no multiplying of 'courses.'"

"No cards, no cake, no style."

"Yes, indeed! The most distinguished and elegant style. Such style as is not possible except where all the household service is performed by the most devoted, the most thoughtful, the most intelligent, if I may say so!"

"Certainly the most intelligent, amiable, accomplished and altogether lovely member of the family. I agree to that."

"There will be no *pretense* of style—if that is what you mean, no vain endeavor to conceal poverty or ignorance, but a delightful Arcadian candor and simplicity that will leave the mistress of the house, who is also housekeeper, nurse, cook, dairymaid, butler, waitress, laundress, seamstress, governess and family physician, abundant time and strength for such other occupations and amusements as may be most congenial. It would be a delightful way of living, and I should not hesitate to try it if I felt certain that I have a soul above dress trimmings. I am not willing to be a household drudge, overwhelmed by the 'work that is never done,' therefore to be on the safe side we will keep two servants."

"The cooking range, whether of the portable or 'set' kind, will have brick wall behind it and at each side, which, carried above, will form a sort of canopy to conduct into the chimney the superfluous heat in warm weather and the steam and smoke from cooking at all times. I suppose some housekeepers would object to separating the two pantries, but they have no common interests requiring close proximity. The kitchen pantry is a store-room and a kind of private laboratory, where the mysterious experiments are made that develop our taste for esthetic cooking and give us an experimental knowledge of dyspepsia. Its operations precede the work of the range to which it is a near neighbor, as it ought to be. It has also the merit of being in the cool northwest corner of the house with small windows on two adjacent sides, which are better than a single window, for the air of a store-room or pantry cannot be changed too freely in warm weather."

"Do you see the closets at the end of this pantry? One is for ice, which is shoved in through a little door just above the sink where it is brought by the ice-man; the other is for a cold closet and is built in such a way as to get the full benefit of its cold-blooded neighbor. Don't forget in making the plan that the door through which the ice slides must be large enough to take in the largest cakes and must be so arranged that after being washed at the sink they will slide easily without lifting or banging into their proper places inside."

"And let me suggest," said the architect, "that the

waste-pipe that carries off the melted ice be allowed to run straight out of doors, without making the acquaintance of the sewer or any other drain-pipe."

"Please remember that then, as well as the door. The kitchen sink is at the west end of the room, between and under two windows, which must be at least three feet from the floor. It is near to the pantry door, to accommodate the dishes used in cooking; yet not so near that one cannot stand beside it without danger of being roasted or broiled; near to the cellar door, from whence come the Murphys and other vegetables to have their faces washed and their eyes put out. Of course there is a china sink in the china closet, to insure tender treatment for all the table ware, and I would like a sort of window or slide behind the sideboard opening through it. Sometimes it will be convenient for the waitress to arrange the articles to be used on the table within reach from the dining-room side, and save a special journey whenever a dish is changed."

"It strikes me," said Jack, "that when it comes to spoons you're drawing it pretty fine. I suppose these are modern improvements, but how much better will the dinners be than the dinners cooked in my kitchen? Two servants will do all the work for the same wages."

"Real labor-saving is a religious duty, like all other economy; and if we don't have better domestic service with better facilities for doing work the fault is our own."

"But I don't see that this kitchen is any better than mine."

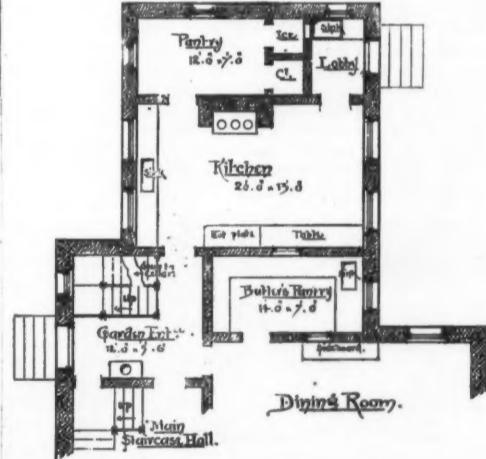
"Of course you don't; you're a man; but for one thing, your china closet hasn't even a window of its own. How do you expect glasses to be made clean and silver bright in such a place? Now observe my plan: Not only is the kitchen light, but the entry where the ice comes in, the pantry where the food is prepared, the butler's pantry, the stairs to the cellar and to the second floor, and Mugby Junction are all light. There isn't a dark corner on the premises, and consequently no excuse for uncleanness or accidents."

"Just think of the flies."

"Windows are easily darkened. But I am not quite ready to talk over these minor matters. The general plan is the first thing, and I think you will agree with me that it is well begun."

"According to Poor Richard, then, it is half done. So it's time for recess."

"Very well; by way of change let us look at the plans of brother Ted's house in Kansas. Its situation is different from ours, as it stands on a high bluff in a bend of the Missouri, and the parlor looks over the water in three different directions, up and down and across the river. The piazza seems to be arranged to make the most of this situation, and Ted thinks it impossible to contrive a more charming arrangement for hall, parlor and dining-room. They use the parlor as a common sitting-room, and the hall still more commonly, especially in warm weather. Ted doesn't realize that half the charm of the house lies in its adaptation to the site."



"That ought to be the case with every country or suburban house."

"It certainly will not fit our lot, and it seems to me best suited for a summer home or for a warm climate."

Jill therefore requested the architect in her absence to redraw the plans, while she attended to some household duties so as to show accurately the construction and details.

"That is to say," said Jack, "while Jill makes a pudding for dinner and I write a business letter of three lines you are to lay out in complete shape the plans for a house containing all the modern abominations and improvements, that will cost ten thousand dollars, occupy two years in building and last forever. That's a modest request."

"Not extravagant compared with the demands often made upon domestic architects, for it involves no downright contradictions. I am not asked to show how a house worth ten thousand dollars can be built for five, nor to break the Golden Rule, nor to change the multiplication table and the cardinal points of the compass."

E. C. GARDNER.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

PULSATIONS.

An esthetic esthetic esthetic,
Composed complexion, composed complexion,
In rapturous rapture's rapture.
At midnight gazed on the moon as he
Sat on the shore of the silvered sea.
While his feet the waters lapped.

Silent stillness of silence he had.
As washing waves were the words he spoke
On that lonely, sand-barred coast.
His spine was chilled with the dewy air;
He cried aloud as he recovered speech
In sight of the starry host.

"O, moon! O, moon! I drink in from thee
The wine of life by the pathless sea.
From commoner things remote;
Luna! Luna! that innocent one!
Be my companion till life is done
And I go in Charon's boat!"

Mustard plasters and castor-oil,
Strict seclusion from life's turmoil,
In a bed-room eight by six.
From windy March till June breeze blow;
But his careful M. D. pulled him through.
And he did not cross the Styx.

THOS. J. HAYT.

A DRUGGIST'S LOVE.

It was evening, when a youth with "penny-royal" step slowly meandered down a "serpentine" walk, apparently commanding with the "sweet spirits of nitre." "Aconite" miss her, he whispered in stentorian tones; "I 'a'oles' could depend upon her. O Cupid, how 'bitter-sweet!' Hark! what was that? Nothing but a belated "coit's-foot" borne upon the "squilly" breeze. Ten miles I "camphor" to see her, to gaze into her "glycerine" eyes. Oh, why should I "sulphur" thus?" and with an agonized, prolonged, soul-stirring, "concentrated ginger" cry of "Bella Donna!" (he was an Italian) he recklessly threw himself into a "fusitic" chair, and the clock boomed eight. An "ethereal," "chloroformic" step gently approached, a lissome figure with face of "cold creamy" complexion, nearer, nearer, and the clock boomed nine. The distant barking of a dog mingled harmoniously with "wild cherry," "Peruvian" and "elm" bark, ravishing to the senses. He starts up with glad "hops," rushes forward and soon his lips are "ground glued" to hers. "My darling!" he mutters, "I 'iodide of potash' had you failed me, but now hopes, doubts I no 'morphia.' I 'castor oil' to the winds." But she only gazed into his "blue mass" eyes, and the clock boomed ten.

ESTHAYS.

—AN honest man is the noblest pursuit of woman.

—It takes a girl about four hours longer to wash the front windows of a house than the back windows.—*Newport Journal*.

—"A BABE," says a writer, "is a mother's anchor." We have often heard that the first thing she does is to weigh it.

—WHEN a friend asked a reformed inebriate the cause of reformation he said: "As you are married you will quite understand it when I say getting tipsy made me see my mother-in-law double."—*La Figaro*.

—"SPEAKING of shad, would you say the price had gone up or risen?" inquired a schoolboy of a fishmonger.

"Well," replied the scalescraper, "speaking of shad, I should say it had roes."—*Hackensack Republican*.

—THE American Tract Society has dispensed 86,314,468 pages of literature the past year, and there wasn't a scalping Indian story of the West in the entire lot. This accounts for the unpopularity of the society's publications.—*New Haven Register*.

—THERE are a number of circumstances that will take the conceit out of a man, and one of the chief is, after taking a turn up the street and judging by the way they look at you that you are making a stunning impression on the girls, to find on your return that your hat has been on wrong side foremost all the time.—*Lowell Citizen*.

—WE see a large number of Italians are being utilized in building Texas railroads. The average Italian is so lazy he might be useful as a sleeper, but we should think he would wake up and object to being used as a sleeper when the workmen laid iron rails on him and drove long spikes in him to keep the rails in place, but some people will submit to almost anything rather than work.—*Texas Siftings*.

—CONVERSATION turned on a late marriage between December and May, some of the gentlemen pooh-poohing the match. But the lady stoutly championed the frost-bitten Benedict. "Why," said she, "every man ought to keep himself married as long as he lives. Now, here's my husband! What would he be good for without a wife? If I should die to-night he would get another wife to-morrow, I hope. Wouldn't you, Josiah?" Josiah breathed heavily, and seemed to sum up the connubial torments of a lifetime in his calm response, "No, my dear, I think I should take a rest!"

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THE HANGING OF THE HAMMOCK.



1. His Wife.—"But, George, don't hang it here; it's too conspicuous."



2. His Sister.—"Why, George, don't hang it here; it's so in the way."



3. His Cousin.—"Oh, George, that will never be strong enough here; it wouldn't hold a fly."

(George is getting warm).



4. His Aunt.—"George, George, what are you thinking about! Don't you see it's entirely too sunny here?" (George don't say much, but he keeps up a great thinking).



5. "The Reward of Virtue."—He at last hangs it in a satisfactory place, and proceeds himself to test its strength, in company with lemonade, cigars, the latest novel and his dog.



6. But something gave way — it was never thoroughly understood what caused the trouble.

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